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{ From Beginning,
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THE VOICES OF THE FLOWERS.

If you lie with your ear to the soft green earth,
When the rain and the sunshine fall,
You can hear the flowers, in their gay glad
mirth,
To each other whisper and call.

For hush'd, like an infant in sleep, they lie
In their moist cool cells below,
Awearied of hearing the wind's bleak sigh,
And the falling of the snow.

But when spring comes down to the earth, and
her feet
Send a thrill through woodland and plain,
And the clouds weep tears that are soft and
sweet,
But which we miscall the rain,

Then they waken up with a light in their look,
And in low sweet whispers they cry —
"Sisters, a murmur is heard in the brook,
And sunshine is seen in the sky.

"It is time we should burst through the young
green earth,
As the stars through the heavens by night,
That the young and the old may rejoice in our
birth,
And we in the calm, sweet light."

Then one said, "Sisters, where shall we grow?
I shall grow by the side of the stream,
And all day long I will blossom and blow,
Till the dews fold me up in a dream."

"And I," said another, "will bloom by the way
Where the children go in a band;
They will stop for a moment their gladsome
play,
And touch my lips with their hand."

"I will peep from the long rich grass," said
one,
"When the meadows bow to the wind,
And will catch like dewdrops the fairy tone
Of the music it leaves behind."

"And I," said one, "in some garden rare,
Where my fairer sisters abide;
And it may be that I may be twined in the hair
Of the maid as she blooms into bride."

Then a sweeter voice held the rest in thrall —
"O sisters, what things ye have said!
I shall grow in the sweetest spot of all —
On the graves of the calm pure dead.

"They will know that I blossom above their
dust,
And will yearn, in their silent abode,
For the grand resurrection to crown their trust
In the love and the promise of God."

Thus the flowers whisper, and if you lie
When the rain and the sunshine fall,
You will hear them question and make reply,
If your heart is at one with all.
Good Words. ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE AFTERMATH.

THE glamor of the after-light
Lay clear and fair along the sky,
And made the pathway eerie-bright
As home we wandered — thou and I.

The meadow-mists were lying low;
A shadow held the riverside;
The water took the western glow,
And peace, grey peace, spread far and wide.

A sober-heartedness was ours —
So still the earth, the sky so strange;
And we had given in sunny hours
Our youthful hearts their widest range.

We lingered in the meadow-path
Touched by the twilight's silent spell,
While from the sun's fleet aftermath
A subtle glory rose and fell.

Dim, wistful thoughts within us grew,
Forebodings of the life to be,
Till with a sudden thrill we knew
Time's touch of immortality.

For all the wonder and the awe,
Far-widening within the west,
Seemed with a mystic power to draw
Our hearts into its kindly rest.

Yet still it faded, faded fast,
And night crept up the eastern slope;
But o'er our lives a strength had passed,
And left us with a larger hope.

So home we wandered — thou and I —
That night, sweet wife, so long ago,
And still we watch the western sky
And strengthen in its mystic glow.
Good Words. JAMES HENDRY.

THE ARTIST.

TRUTH in its unity hath many sides;
One Beauty rules infinity of change;
Art, a free spirit, through all realms may
range,
Embracing Truth and Beauty for her guides.
All doors are open to them; where abides
Their foot the roof is sacred, lowly grange
Or temple-court; no home to them is strange,
From starry vault to nook where flow'ret hides.

And, artists, hearken! Holding fast their
hand,
Ye shall learn secrets, each a special one —
Not of mere skill; the imitative band
Of craftsmen may not catch the whispered tone.
Truth beautiful is art; who understand
This to create are artists, they alone.

Fraser's Magazine.

A. B.

From Fraser's Magazine.
THE AUSTRIAN POWER.

IN some of the many speeches which went before the late general election, words like these were often heard, "Austrian nationality," "Austrian national feeling," "Austrian national interests," "Austrian national honor," "Austrian national independence." The exact words do not greatly matter; the point is that the word "Austria" and some of the derivatives of the word "nation" were coupled together in a way which implied that the ideas expressed by the word "Austria" and the word "nation," had something in common. That any one of decent information should speak in this way, especially that any one in the position of a statesman should speak in this way, suggests some curious subjects for thought. Such language might of course be used with the direct purpose of misleading those who heard it. It might be used out of simple ignorance of the plainest facts on the part of the speaker. But let us, as is becoming, put both these suppositions aside. There remains a remarkable instance of that process of confusion of thought which does quite as much as either sheer ignorance or direct deception to lead men into mistakes, both of reasoning and of practice. Forms of words with which we are familiar in cases to which they thoroughly apply are, not so much carelessly as in a certain way mechanically, transferred to other cases to which they do not apply. Men are thereby led to think, to speak, and to act, as if they did apply to those cases; and not only endless mistakes in thought and expression, but much practical evil follows. Of course every one who insists on accuracy of thought and expression must expect to be met with the charge of pedantry. But the charge of pedantry commonly means that he who brings it is angry with him against whom it is brought for knowing something which he is in his heart ashamed of himself for not knowing. Certain it is that a little more pedantry, that is, a little more care to make words answer to thoughts and thoughts answer to facts, would have saved not a little mischief during the last five years. Not

a little practical evil has come of the mere use of misleading phrases like "Turkey," "Turkish government"—sometimes even "Turkish Christians"—and the like. Such phrases disguise the real facts of the case, and thereby help to hinder such practical action as the facts of the case call for. People come to think that the names "Turkey" and "the Turks" express things which answer to one another as "England" and "the English," "France" and "the French" answer to one another. They do not see that the Turks are to "Turkey," not what the English have been to England in any age, but rather what the English were to Ireland in the last age. They come to think the "government" of "Turkey" is something which answers to the government of England or France. They do not see that, while the government of England or France exists, as its main object, to secure the common rights of human beings to the inhabitants of England or France, the so-called "government" of "Turkey" exists for the exactly opposite object, that of hindering the mass of the inhabitants of "Turkey" from enjoying the common rights of human beings. Confusions of the same kind, equally likely to lead to practical error, are sure to arise, if men allow themselves to use such phrases as "Austrian nationality" and the like. In such phrases there is exactly the same transfer of words from cases to which they really apply to cases to which they do not apply. There are six great powers of Europe: England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Austria. There is, beyond all doubt, an English, a French, a German, an Italian, and a Russian nation. It is very tempting to infer that there must be an Austrian nation also. We may, with the strictest fitness, apply phrases like "nationality," "national feeling," "national independence," to England, France, Germany, Italy, or Russia. It is tempting to infer that phrases which are so thoroughly in their place when they are applied to five out of the six great powers, must be equally in their place when they are applied to the sixth also.

Now there doubtless are cases in which

this way of talking is the result of sheer ignorance. We have lately heard the story* of the Englishman who landed at a Dalmatian—that is, in one sense, an Austrian—port, and expected that the people of that port would speak the Austrian language. His argument was as good as any of the other arguments. As there is an English, a French, a German, an Italian, and a Russian language, as people in those several countries speak those languages, so there must be an Austrian language, and people in Austria must speak it. Most people, one would think, know better than this. Most people of any kind of education surely have knowledge enough to keep them from thinking that there is an "Austrian" language spoken throughout the whole of "Austria." And, if they have knowledge enough for this, they really have knowledge enough to keep them right on the whole matter. But this is one of the endless cases in which people do not use their knowledge. They do, in a certain sense, know a thing; that is, if they were strictly examined, they would give the right answer. But, unless so specially pressed, they think, speak, and act, exactly as if they did not know it. Crowds of people who, if they were examined, would show that they really know that all "Turkey" is not Turkish, that all "Austria" is not Austrian, must yet be set down as practically thinking that they are so, because they habitually speak as if they thought so. And not only is speaking, whoever may be the speaker, really acting—for every man's speech helps to make up the mass of public opinion, and so leads towards public action—but those whose more direct business it is to act are of all men the most liable to be influenced by these inaccuracies of thought and expression. The diplomatist, of whatever rank—he who ought to know, and who in a certain sense does know, more of foreign affairs than any private man can know—is of all men the most exposed to influences which are likely to make him, in another sense, know less of foreign

affairs than a well-informed and thoughtful private man. I remember some years ago reading an article, written by one who, I believe, was not strictly a diplomatist, but who had certainly passed his life in the thick of national business. He dealt with the political position of several of the European States, and among others of the Austrian power. He was in no danger at all of believing that there was a single Austrian language spoken throughout all "Austria." His facts could not be gainsaid; but his way of putting them was remarkable. He explained to his readers that there was a considerable Slavonic element in "Austria," "even in those provinces, like Bohemia, which border on Germany." Nothing can be more undoubtedly true; but the way of putting it showed the state of mind of a man who had never stopped to think of the real present relations among the lands of which he was speaking, still less of the past events which have caused those present relations. He would seem never to have looked at any map earlier than 1815, perhaps at none earlier than 1866. His whole notion was that there was a power called Austria, quite distinct from Germany, that one province of Austria was called Bohemia, that both in that province and in others there was a considerable Slavonic element. The amusing and instructive thing is that the writer was clearly a little amazed that there should be a Slavonic element in "Austria" at all, and he was specially puzzled that there should be such an element in a province so near to Germany as Bohemia. In short he was surprised at finding that *Beamish boys* were Beamish boys.* He was in the same state as those who are surprised to find Welsh spoken in Wales, and French spoken in the Channel Islands.

The special danger of the diplomatist, that which causes his special knowledge to be balanced by a special kind of igno-

* See Mr. A. J. Evans, in the *Fortnightly Review*, April 1880.

* I do not know whether the author of "Alice in Wonderland," when he spoke of a "Beamish boy," knew that he was naming an ancient and honorable nation. Yet *Beme* was the name by which our forefathers knew the kingdom of Bohemia or *Böhmen*, and *Beamish*, which exists as a surname, like *Frenck* and others of the kind, is its regularly-formed gentile.

rance, is that his line of life leads him to deal with princes, ministers, courts, hardly ever with nations. He is tempted to forget that there are such things as nations, or at all events to assume that every nation is necessarily represented by its so-called "government." He is tempted to assume that the formal arrangements which are entered into between governments must necessarily take effect, as by a kind of physical law, and to forget that the arrangements of governments need, after all, the practical consent of the nations which are concerned in them. The climax of this kind of feeling was reached when an English statesman counselled the Christian subjects of the Turk not to listen to "foreign intriguers," but to lay their grievances before "their own government." He forgot that those whom he counselled looked on the so-called "foreign intriguers" as their own countrymen, engaged in a common cause. He forgot that what he called "their own government" was in their eyes nothing but a system of foreign brigandage, which hindered them from having any government of their own. He forgot that the existence of the "government" before which he counselled them to lay their grievances, was itself the greatest grievance of all, the root of all other grievances. Yet, if that English statesman had been minutely examined, it would most likely have been found that he really knew the plain facts of the case. Only those facts were so utterly contrary to diplomatic formulæ and diplomatic conventional assumptions that he forgot the facts in the formulæ and the assumptions. He knew the facts; yet he thought, spoke, and acted, exactly as if he had not known them. Thus the very men who ought to go to the root of the matter are led by the habits of their craft to accept names for things, and thereby to act in a manner which is unreal, unpractical, sometimes even sentimental. The "Austrian government," even the "Turkish government," must, as long as they exist and artificial diplomacy exists, be addressed according to the conventional phrases of artificial diplomacy. But it will be a very unreal and unpractical kind of action if

any English statesman is led by the habitual use of conventional forms to forget that those "governments" are not governments in the same sense as those of England, France, and Italy, as those of Germany and Russia, to forget that they are not, in the same way as those five, entitled to speak on behalf of a nation.

In thus saying, I hope I may not be thought by any one to be guilty of the injustice of placing the "Austrian government" on the same level as the "Turkish government," with regard to its general practical working. I hope also that I may not be thought to have overlooked the great differences which may be found in the several positions of the five governments with which I have contrasted them. This last distinction I shall presently have to draw. But from the point of view of the moment, the "Austrian government" and the "Turkish government" may be looked on as forming one class, and the other five governments — along with the governments of those other European States which do not rank as great powers — as forming another class. Indeed, of the two, the "Turkish government" comes nearer to the position of a national government than the "Austrian government." To speak of the "Turkish," or more accurately "Ottoman," "nation" is often misleading; but the phrase may be justified in some lands and from some points of view. But there is no point of view from which we can look to any land in which an "Austrian nation" in any sense can be discovered.

There is really no better test than that which is implied in the story of the man who expected to find the people of Ragusa speaking "Austrian."* As there is an English, a French, a German, an Italian, and a Russian language, so there is also a Turkish language. But there is no Austrian language. That is to say, in the most marked outward sign of nation-

* I am here assuming, in a slighter and more general way, the results of the inquiry which I have made in the article headed "Race and Language," in my Third Series of Historical Essays. I have there spoken of some "Austrian" and "Turkish" questions in a more minute and scientific fashion than I can do here, and I have drawn some distinctions which I must here take for granted.

ality the Turks themselves make a nearer approach to nationality than the so-called "Austrians." Looking at Europe only, we should say that the Turks—it is better in such discussions to say the Ottomans—have no right to be called a nation. In Asia they undoubtedly have such a right. In Europe, in large parts of Asia, they are simply foreign intruders in the lands of other nations; but in other large parts of Asia they are really the people of the land. I have said before now that, while we cannot put up with a sultan at Constantinople, we should have no quarrel with a sultan at Iconium. The actual rule of the ring at Constantinople is quite as oppressive, though not quite in the same way, to the settled national Turk as it is to the Christian; still to the one it is the oppression of a native sovereign; to the other it is the oppression of a foreign invader. We may fairly say that there is an Ottoman nation. What we complain of is that a certain part of the Ottoman nation intrudes itself as a ruling order, caste, or gang, into the lands of other nations. Our traveller would, in any part of "Turkey," have found some people who spoke the Turkish language; in some parts of "Turkey" he would have found the Turkish language the only language spoken. But there is no part of "Austria" in which he would find any Austrian language spoken at all. And if, armed with greater accuracy of speech, instead of going to "Austria" to seek for the Austrian language, he had gone into "Austro-Hungary," to seek for the Austro-Hungarian language, one can only guess that his fate might be the same as if he had gone forth in any age of English history to seek for a live semi-Saxon.

Now it may here be objected that, if Austria or Austro-Hungary is not a national power, so neither are some at least of the other five powers. If the test of language be taken, it may be said that, out of all the five, Italy alone can stand the test. Those parts of the kingdom of Italy which do not speak Italian are certainly so small that, in a general view of Europe, or even of Italy, it needs a strong magnifier to see them. It may be said that everybody in England speaks English; but if, for the somewhat inaccurate, or at least inadequate, name of England, we substitute the United Kingdom, or even Great Britain, or even England and Wales, there are within any of these limits some people who do not speak English at all; there is a perfectly visible proportion to whom English is not their natural

tongue. So in France there are perfectly visible corners which speak other tongues than French. In the German Empire there are not only visible corners which speak other tongues than German, but visible corners which would be glad to be separated from the German Empire. And if all people in France do not speak French, if all people in Germany do not speak German, still less do all people in Russia speak Russian. It is quite certain that none of the powers, not even Italy, exactly answers to a nation as defined by language. But three, perhaps four, answer to nations as defined in other ways. The strongest home-ruler in Ireland does not ask that Ireland shall be so separated from Great Britain as that Great Britain and Ireland shall cease to form one whole in the face of other powers. Up to the changes of 1860 and 1871, one might have said that no one in France wished to be separated from France, and that no one out of France wished to be joined to France. This can no longer be said with the same exclusive truth; but it is still perfectly true that those corners of France which speak some other tongue than French have not the faintest wish to be separated from France. The German Empire is far from containing all Germans, and it contains some who are not Germans; still it contains so great a majority of the German-speaking people everywhere, it contains so overwhelming a majority of German-speaking people within its own borders, that not only is it essentially a German State, but it is the representative State of the German people everywhere. In the Russian Empire, even in European Russia, the non-Russian elements are far greater and more important, and one element, perhaps more, would gladly part asunder from the others. Still the moving power of the Russian Empire is Russian, and though there is, as we shall presently see, a Russian population outside the Russian Empire, that population is not to be compared for a moment to the German population outside the German Empire. Thus, in all these cases, even in that where the political power is furthest from coinciding with a nation as defined by language, there is one race, one language, which is manifestly dominant, and which gives its national character to the power of which it is the head and centre. In "Austria" there is none such. In Hungary taken alone there is; but in "Austria" or "Austro-Hungary" there is none. There is no one dominant race, no one dominant

language. Two races, two languages, are dominant in the sense of bearing rule over the others; a third race, a third language, is dominant in the sense of forming the great majority of the whole. In the kingdom of Hungary the Magyars form a ruling race among a majority of non-Magyar races, Slavonic, Rouman, and German. In the whole Austro-Hungarian dominions, Magyars and Germans side by side form two dominant races among other races more numerous than either.

Now it is well to learn from an enemy, and there is one enemy who gives us his teaching day by day. This is the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, in whose letters we daily see what the official Austrian spirit has become under Jewish and Magyar ascendancy. Nowhere do we see a more bitter and remorseless hatred towards the struggling nations of south-eastern Europe, whether under Austrian or under Turkish rule. But no one better understands the facts of the case. With him, if we ever find confusion of language, it does not mark confusion of thought, but is a sign of the fact that confusion of language is sometimes expedient. Something may in this way be learned almost every day from the Vienna correspondent's despatches. But there was one despatch which, though now more than a month old—it appeared in the course of May—is worth as long a life as we can give it. The correspondent is speaking of those who had ventured to hint that the Austrian power might possibly be thinking of an extension in the south-eastern lands beyond the limits of Bosnia and Herzegovina. For the benefit of such pestilent persons the correspondent, in his more than official, his almost imperial manner, kindly explained the ethnological condition of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy with a clearness which left nothing to wish for.

Those who make this insinuation, if they are not actuated by ill-will, can have but an indifferent idea of the special character of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, which, unlike the other great empires of the Continent, with their compact nationalities, is formed of an union of a number of kingdoms and lands, inhabited by various nationalities. This constitution alone seems a bar to extension, which would infallibly lead to a disturbance, if not to the overthrow, of the existing organization. If, however, this spirit of aggression and extension seems to be altogether out of the question, the duty of self-preservation and self-defence does not allow the empire to look with indifference at the feeling of insurrection

which is rising in the neighboring Turkish Empire. All along the southern and south-eastern frontier of Austria-Hungary dwells a kindred population, so that any changes which this process of fermentation may produce in the Balkan Peninsula must needs react on the Austro-Hungarian population on the frontier, a large portion of which consists of refugees who came over in the last century and have settled there. Austria has no wish or interest to prevent the free development of these neighboring populations, etc.

The difference between "Austria-Hungary" and other European States is here as clearly set forth as one could wish. But some questions arise. How is it that "this constitution" can be "a bar to extension," when the power so "constituted" has always extended itself whenever it has had a chance, down to the last filching of poor little Spizza? But let this pass. The instructive questions which arise out of this passage are these. What is the "empire" spoken of in one place, and the "Austria" spoken of in another? The "empire" has "duties," duties of "self-preservation and self-defence;" it has feelings too; it "cannot look with indifference," and the like. "Austria" again has "wishes" and "interests;" at least she has "no wish or interest" in a particular way, which implies that she may have wishes and interests in another way. So, further on in the same despatch, we read how "Austria-Hungary" "cannot claim," "cannot allow;" we read "of the policy of Austria-Hungary," of "Austrian interests," and so on, in a string of sentences in which personified "Austria" does, wishes, feels, hopes, fears, this and that. The question is, who does all this which is attributed to "the empire," to "Austria," to "Austria-Hungary"? If we read that "France" did all this, we need ask no questions. "France" would simply mean the French nation, and the French government as acting on behalf of the French nation. There is a vast range of subjects, all matters of foreign policy among them, on which all France, from Brittany to Provence, has the same duties, interests, wishes, feelings, and so forth. We cannot conceive one part of the country having duties, interests, etc., different from any other part. We cannot conceive a French government having interests, wishes, etc.—at all events it cannot have duties—different from the interests and wishes of the whole French nation. If it has any such interests and wishes, it at once forfeits its right to

exist as a French government. But when the same kind of language is applied to "Austria," the meaning is less clear. What is "Austria"? It clearly does not mean simply the German archduchy to which that name properly belongs. It means something greater even than the German circle to which that name was afterwards extended. It seems to take in the whole mass of the "kingdoms and lands inhabited by various nationalities" which have come together under the rule of the ruler of Austria. But can we say anything for certain about those various nationalities as a whole? Can we say that they have any common interests, common duties, common feelings, and the like? No one supposes that there is any difference in interests or wishes between Rennes and Marseilles, between Lille and Bayonne. But can we be sure that there is the same community of interest and feeling between Prag and Spizza, between Trent and Tzernovitz? Among the kingdoms and lands inhabited by various nationalities, can we be sure that all have the same ideas even on the subject of "self-preservation and self-defence"? It is just possible that a course which to the German or the Magyar might seem a course of self-preservation, might seem a course of self-destruction to the Italian or the Serb. The truth comes out in the passage which follows the words about self-preservation and self-defence. It is not the self-preservation and self-defence of any of the nationalities within the so-called "empire" which is at stake, but only the self-preservation and the self-defence of the so-called "empire" itself. That is to say, the interests, the policy, the wishes, and so forth, attributed to the personified being called "Austria" or "Austria-Hungary," mean the interests and policy, not of the nations concerned, but simply of their common master. The whole talk about interest, duty, policy, and what not, turns out to mean simply that the master of all the kingdoms and lands spoken of wishes to keep them together, if he can. From his point of view, this is doubtless a matter of self-preservation and self-defence. Whether the kingdoms and lands themselves, with their various nationalities, look on the matter in the same light, is another question. While it is their ruler's interest and policy to keep them together, it is quite possible that it may be their interest and policy to part company. It certainly is not clear that the people of Bukovina or Transylvania lost anything when Milan and Venice were

restored to Italy. It is not clear that they would lose anything if Trent and Aquileia were restored also. It is not clear that the people of Bohemia or Galicia gained anything by the filching of Cattaro or of Spizza. It is not clear that they would lose anything, if Montenegro won back her own at Spizza and at Cattaro too. Our teacher unwittingly tells us a great deal. He teaches us that when the words "interest," "policy," "wishes," and the like are coupled with the words "Austria" or "Austria-Hungary," they have no reference whatever to the interests and wishes of the kingdoms and lands which are meant to be included under those names, but that they mean simply the interests, wishes, policy, and so forth, of the prince, and the dynasty under which those lands have been so strangely brought together. We mean something different from this when we speak of the interests or policy of England or France.

These unwitting revelations lead us at once to the great difference of all between "Austria" and the other five great powers, or rather, between "Austria" and all the other European powers, great and small. It is the only one about which the question can be raised whether it ought to be a power at all. England, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, must exist, must be powers. Men, within or without their territories, may see much in the internal condition or in the outward position of any of those powers which they might wish to see otherwise; but no sane person wishes that any of those powers should cease to exist. Frenchmen differ widely as to the form of government which they wish to see prevail in France; but every Frenchman wishes that there should be some government of France, with a boundary at least not narrower than France has at this moment. External or internal enemies may wish that certain lands should be detached from Germany or Russia; no sane person wishes that Germany or Russia should be blotted out of the map of Europe. But it is a perfectly intelligible doctrine, on behalf of which sober arguments might be brought, that it would be better for Europe and for the nations concerned, if "Austria" or "Austria-Hungary" were blotted from the map of Europe. Such a doctrine might imply "ill-will" towards the dynasty which rules those nations; it might be put forth in the purest good-will towards the nations themselves. Look at the case in this way. The worst that a reasonable enemy of Germany or Russia

could ask would be that those powers should lose all their territory which is not German or Russian. Germany might undergo that loss without the slightest lessening of her real power and greatness. To Russia such a loss would be real and frightful; but it would still leave a Russian nation, a Russian power. But try the same process on "Austria." Cut off from "Austria" whatever is not Austrian. If the word "Austrian" is here used in the strict sense, something would be left, namely, a single German duchy. But in the conventional sense in which the word is commonly used, either everything would be left, or else nothing; for in that conventional sense the words "Austrian" and "Austro-Hungarian" mean the whole extent of the possessions of the common ruler of Austria and Hungary. They do not mean one part more than another. In that sense there is no central "Austria" from which the non-Austrian parts can be cut off. "Austria," in that sense, might indeed be dissolved into its component elements. It could not, like the other powers, have its excrescences cut off from the centre, because there is no centre from which to cut the excrescences off.

Now all this does not of itself prove that it is for the good of Europe, that it is for the good of the "kingdoms and lands" with their "various nationalities," that the existing Austrian dominion should be thus broken up, thus dissolved into its component elements. It is a perfectly fair subject for argument whether such a change is to be wished for or not. There may be special reasons to show that it is right and expedient that a scrap of Germany, a scrap of Italy, a scrap of Poland, a scrap of Russia, a scrap of the Rouman and Servian lands, a few stray counties and lordships, here a suppressed commonwealth, here a stolen haven, should be joined with the kingdoms of Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia, and Dalmatia, to make up together an "Austro-Hungarian monarchy." On the other hand, there may be reasons to show that it is right and expedient that so strange a collection of atoms should again be parted asunder. The burthen of proof may be made to lie either way. It may be held that whatever is should be held to be right until it is proved to be wrong. Or it may be held that a power so strange at first sight, so unlike all other powers, should be held to be wrong till it is proved to be right. This is not our present question. What is proved is that the

Austrian power is something wholly different in its nature from the other five powers. What is proved is that the kind of language which is applied with more or less of truth to all the other powers, becomes misleading when it is applied to Austria. Words like "interest," "policy," "wishes," and the like, when applied to Austria do not mean what they mean when they are applied to England or France. They do not mean the interest, the policy, etc., of a nation, but simply the interest or policy of the common ruler of a crowd of nations or scraps of nations. And to speak of "national feelings," "national independence," "national honor," and the like, as applied to the Austrian power, is not merely misleading—it is simply nonsense. There cannot be "national feelings," and the like, where there is no common nationality, and there is no common Austrian or Austro-Hungarian nationality. It may be deemed in Vienna a point of national honor to keep possession of Trent. Trent itself may think otherwise. What the Magyar looks on as national independence, the Serb and the Rouman may look on as national bondage.

The formation of the Austrian power is one of the oddest phenomena of history. It has something in common with the formation of its neighbor and rival Prussia. But it has points which are quite peculiar to itself, as the growth of Prussia has other points which are no less peculiar. In both cases a power has grown up, resting on no genuine national basis, but consisting of all the possessions which have by any means, fair or foul, peaceful or violent, come into the hands of a certain ruling house. Such powers have existed before, but they have seldom been so lasting. The Angevin dominion in the twelfth century, the Burgundian dominion in the fifteenth, were essentially of the same kind; but they lasted only for two or three reigns each. Prussia and Austria have been far more long-lived. The characteristic of powers of this kind is that they mark simply the advance of a dynasty, not that of either a nation or a city. But the difference between Prussia and Austria has been this, that Prussia has had a quasi-national character about it, while the career of Austria has been purely dynastic. The rulers of Prussia—I mean of course since the word Prussia began to take its present meaning—have held, and still hold, both German and non-German territory. But the Ger-

man element has always been so predominant as to give its character to the whole, and to allow Prussia to grow in the end into the national head of Germany. Austria, on the other hand, starting from a more purely German origin than Prussia, has often tried to Germanize her non-German territories; but in by far the greater part of these she has never succeeded. Her last development has been the exact opposite to the German headship of Prussia. It has been the form of the "dual" state of "Austria-Hungary," in which the two dominant races, German and Magyar, have agreed to sit side by side as dominant races, among the various nationalities of the endless kingdoms, duchies, counties, and lordships, which are held by the common sovereignty of Austria and Hungary.

The history of the mere name of *Austria* is remarkable. The German mark or frontier land on the Danube, the bulwark of the German realm against the Magyar, took its name from its geographical position. It was the *Marca Orientalis*, the eastern mark. It was the *Oesterreich*, a name which our forefathers cut short into *Ostrich*, but which we now call by the Latin form *Austria*, a form which might easily suggest a wrong point of the compass. This *Austria* was not the only land so named. There was more than one *Austria* in other parts of Europe; the word had a kind of technical use wherever a land was divided into an eastern and a western portion. The eastern part of Lombardy was *Austria*, a fact which may now be safely proclaimed: twenty years ago or less, dangerous arguments might have been founded on it. So the eastern part of the old Frankish realm was *Austria* or *Austrasia*, two forms of the same word. And in both these cases the rest of the land, that which was not *Austria*, was known by the negative name of *Neustria*. We get the same division in the *Ostro* or *East Goths*, though their western fellows did in this case gain a positive and not a negative name. Indeed one is sometimes tempted to wonder that there never was an *Austria* in our own island; the name might have been just as well applied to East-Anglia and Essex as it was to the lands which actually bore it. But it was only to the Austria on the Danube, the *Oesterreich* of the German realm, whose princes had the duty of keeping the German realm against the Magyar, that the name permanently claved. The *mark* became a duchy; it was raised to the unique rank of archduchy.

And an archduchy the true Austria, upper and lower, still remains; among all his endless titles, the king, duke, count, and lord of so many lands and cities, the self-styled emperor, has never dropped his style as archduke of Austria. The duchy of Austria was united in the twelfth century with that of *Steiermark* or *Styria*. The two passed for a moment to the Bohemian King Ottocar; under him a power was formed which stretched from the Giant Mountains to the Adriatic; but its head was at Prag, not at Vienna. But the history of Austria in the modern sense began with the grant of Austria and Styria to Albert of Habsburg in 1282. Since then the names "house of Austria" and "house of Habsburg" have had the same meaning. Austria was now united with the Swabian dominions of the counts of Habsburg, and thus the dukes of Austria came to play a part in the affairs of the famous confederation which arose on their borders in the west. From that time to our own, the Austrian house has been ever extending its dominions by every kind of means, and sometimes losing them by every kind of means. A crowd of German territories, greater and smaller, were added one by one, the county of Tyrol being the most worthy of notice. And to these German territories the Austrian name was in some sort extended. The Swabian and Alsatian possessions were known as *Fore-Austria*; the Austrian circle took in the whole German dominion of the Austrian house. The kingdom of Bohemia, a vassal State of the empire, the kingdom of Hungary, lying altogether beyond the bounds of the empire, so often chose Austrian princes for their kings, that their crowns at last became hereditary in the Austrian house. Add to this the occasional possession of Italian kingdoms and duchies from the beginning of the last century to our own time—add the possession of the southern Netherlands from the beginning of the last century to the French Revolution—add the share of Poland won at the first partition, and the shorter possession of the share won at the third—add Dalmatia, won and lost and won again—add Ragusa and Cracow basely seized in modern times, and Trieste held for ages by the free commendation of its own citizens; allow for endless dismemberments and annexations during the French revolutionary wars and the negotiations which followed them,—all this gives us the picture of a power whose outward frontier has shifted as much as a frontier

can shift, but which has always kept a solid mass of dominion in and near its original seat. We behold a power holding a very marked position, partly German, partly non-German, and able to use at pleasure its German and its non-German elements to influence each other. We behold a power, the furthest removed of all powers from a really national character, a power made up of scraps of endless peoples, nations, and languages, each of which may be played off against the others, but which have no common tie of origin or of interest, which have nothing to bind them together except that a series of historical accidents have placed them all under the rule of the same prince. The old phrase of "the house of Austria," now almost forgotten, but which used to be used where we now say "Austria" or "Austria-Hungary," exactly expressed the truth of the case. It marked the distinction between the land inhabited by a nation and the territory possessed by a dynasty. The territory under Austrian rule was, and is, neither the land inhabited by an Austrian nation nor the land conquered by an Austrian nation; it is neither a free confederation nor yet an assemblage of provinces dependent on a common centre; it is the dominion of the house of Austria and nothing else. It is made up of all those lands and cities which, having nothing else to bind them together, are bound together by the artificial and accidental tie that they all have at sundry times and in divers manners passed under the rule of the Austrian house.

A power thus formed by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms needed above all others some kind of traditional majesty, some kind of imposing title, to make up for the lack of national being, and to give dignity to a dominion which might otherwise seem a grotesque collection of odds and ends. And that genius of happy accident which seems, from the thirteenth century onwards, to have ever watched over all things Austrian, did not fail to supply exactly what was wanted in the way of title and tradition. The thing lacking was found in the long connection of the ducal and archducal house of Austria with the Roman Empire and the kingdom of Germany. The majesty of a long line of Cæsars was gradually spread over the Austrian dukes and their motley territories. The first duke of Austria of the line of Habsburg was also the first ruler of Austria who added, not indeed the imperial crown of Rome, but the royal

crown of Aachen, to the ducal coronet. In the person of the first Albert, a duke of Austria rose in 1298 to the rank, not indeed of emperor, but of King of the Romans. No other Austrian duke was chosen to that rank till the second Albert (fifth of Austria) in 1438; but from the second Albert onwards every king and emperor was either a member of the Austrian house, a claimant of its dominions, or a husband or son of their female sovereign. Thus the ideas of emperor and of Austria easily got confounded in many minds; it seemed impossible to conceive an emperor who should not be duke of Austria, or a duke of Austria who should not be emperor. It has been said in very respectable books that Duke Leopold at Morgarten commanded an imperial army. It was assumed that an Austrian army must have been an imperial army, and that men at war with Austria must have been at war with the empire. Yet the records of the time show that Lewis, King of the Romans and afterwards emperor, rejoiced with his loyal men of the Three Lands on their victory over his Austrian enemy. In later times a cloud of impenetrable darkness seems to hang over the position of Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary and archduchess of Austria in her own right, empress through the election of her husband to the imperial crown. We may well believe that Duke Francis of Lorraine would never have been chosen emperor if he had not been the husband of the queen and archduchess; still it is in his imperial election that we have the key to what seems to many people her mysterious title of empress-queen. It has been said in book after book that the succession to the empire was settled by that Pragmatic Sanction by which Charles the Sixth secured his hereditary states to his daughter. Not a few writers seem puzzled when they find the daughter of one emperor, the wife of another, the mother of two more, spoken of, as she necessarily was from the death of her father to the election of her husband, simply as queen of Hungary. Confusion of course reached its height when, in 1804, the emperor Francis the Second, to the titles of Roman emperor-elect and king of Germany, added that of "hereditary emperor of Austria" — when in 1805 he was styled in the Treaty of Pressburg "emperor of Germany and Austria" — when in 1806 he laid aside his Roman and German titles, and went on reigning by the style of emperor of Austria, king of Hungary, and all the rest.

We have now reached the days of the "Austrian Empire," the days of that title of "emperor of Austria," which a moment's thought shows to be so strange and anomalous, but which the usage of seventy-six years has made so familiar that in modern writings we not uncommonly find it carried back to ages in which it was never heard. Not only the emperors of the last century, but emperors of far earlier times—emperors who had nothing to do with the Austrian duchy except to receive its homage—are not uncommonly made to suffer under this title of yesterday. I believe I have seen Frederick Barbarossa himself spoken of as an "emperor of Austria." This amazing confusion is the best comment on the way in which the special meaning which even in the last century attached to the title of emperor has been wholly forgotten in our own day. Till 1804 the imperial title still carried with it a claim to represent, in some way or other, by descent or by analogy, the power of Rome, eastern or western. We may even say that it was in that sense that the title was taken by the elder Buonaparte. By calling himself emperor, he meant to challenge a position beyond that of the local kings of France, the position, in short, of Charles the Great. What Francis the Second, already Roman emperor-elect, meant by calling himself hereditary emperor of Austria, is less easy to explain. One is tempted to think that he had forgotten who he was. But the new form was plainly designed to announce that the house of Austria, as the house of Austria, apart from any elective Roman or German crowns, was at least the equal of the house of Ajaccio.

One thing is certain, that, with whatever motive it was that the last heir of the Cæsars called himself *Erbkaiser von Oesterreich*, the thing has paid. It enabled him to keep on his imperial style and imperial pretensions after he had cast aside his character as heir of the Cæsars. He was emperor before; he went on being emperor still; he seemed simply to resign a position external to his own states, but to lose nothing of power or dignity within them. Whether names and titles ought to influence men's thoughts and actions or not, as a matter of fact they do influence them, pedantic as it may be to acknowledge the fact that they do. It is quite certain that the "emperor of Austria" has held a position in Europe which could not have been held by a simple king of Hungary and arch-

duke of Austria. The imperial title has dazzled men's minds; it has led them to see a connection, which has neither historical nor practical existence, between the odd collection of territories in or out of Germany which have come together in Austrian hands, and the ancient majesty of Germany and of Rome. It has thrown a false air of antiquity and legitimacy over a very modern creation, made up largely of very modern pilferings. Many people, whenever they see a two-headed eagle, cry out "Austria," forgetful that the bird of Cæsar is the lawful bearing of Cæsar and of none other, and that when Francis of Austria laid aside his Roman empire and German kingdom, he should, according to all the laws of heraldry, have been content with the lion of his archduchy. For an archduke of Austria to use the imperial arms because he is the descendant of an elective emperor, is really as absurd as it would be for a private Englishman to use the arms of an English see because he is the descendant of one of its former bishops. But all these seeming trifles pay; they produce an effect of continuity, of antiquity, where there is no continuity, no antiquity. The emperor with his eagle can hold himself much higher than the archduke could hold himself with his lion. A power, essentially modern, upstart, revolutionary, which exists only by treading down every historic right and every national memory, has, by shifting from one character to another, by playing off one character against another, come to be looked on as the venerable embodiment of legitimacy and conservatism. The legitimacy is a little doubtful: about the conservatism there is no question. The one Austrian rule—a rule, to be sure, not peculiar to Austria—has ever been to get all that can be got, and when it is got, to keep it.

Still the phrase "empire of Austria" suggests a geographical question. Where is it? What are its boundaries? The "hereditary emperor of Austria" did not lay aside his style of archduke. What were the relations between the "empire" and the archduchy? Did the "empire" take in all the possessions of the Austrian house, German, Hungarian, Italian, Polish, or any other? Since 1867 the question has been a little easier to answer. Since the establishment of the dual system, the empire of Austria and the kingdom of Hungary have been two States with a common sovereign. This seems to give us a means of making at least a negative definition of the empire of Austria.

It is that part of the dominions of the common ruler of Austria, Hungary, and several other states, which is not the kingdom of Hungary. Shall we say that the land which was once the *Austria*, the eastern mark, of Germany has become the *Neustria*, the western mark of Hungary? Shall we go a step further? According to ancient precedent, what was not *Austria* was *Neustria*. One is tempted to turn the analogy about. The sovereign of Hungary is also sovereign of some other lands which can be defined only as not being Hungary. Their most descriptive name would seem to be *Nungaria* or *Nungarn*.

There is really no tie but this negative one to unite the archduchy of Austria and the duchies immediately connected with it, with Bohemia, Moravia, Austrian Silesia, Tyrol, Trent, Trieste, Aquileia, Istria, Dalmatia, Cattaro, Spizza, Galicia and Lodomeria, Bukovina, and any other land where Francis Joseph may reign in any character other than that of king of Hungary. These lands make up *Nungaria*; nothing more can be said of them. The odd thing is that several of these lands can be claimed by their present master in no other character than that of king of Hungary. The feeble claim to Galicia put forth at the first partition of Poland was that it had, at two remote periods, been held by Hungarian kings. It had never been held by any Austrian duke. The equally feeble claim to Dalmatia was that several kings of Hungary had also been kings of Dalmatia; no Austrian duke ever had been so. Yet Galicia and Dalmatia count, not to Hungary but to *Nungary*. It is practically better that they should so count; but the historical confusion is remarkable. Yet again, the king of Hungary could put forth at least as good a title to the old kingdom of Bosnia or Rama as he could put forth to Galicia and Dalmatia. Yet he is content to "administer" one of the kingdoms of his predecessors, not as duke, not as king, not as emperor, but as the vassal of the Turk. Yet again, how many people remember that part of the territory which Austria wrung from Poland had been in earlier times wrung by Poland from Russia? As a matter of fact, Alexander is not "emperor of all the Russias," while Francis Joseph holds the old Red Russia, the so-called Galicia and Lodomeria.

The Austrian power is a fact; while it exists as a power, it is entitled to be

treated in formal matters like any other power. But it is not wise to forget its real nature. While each of the other powers answers to a nation, or at least has a nation as its kernel, the Austrian power has no national basis whatever. A Hungarian power would have a national basis in the Magyar nation; an Austro-Hungarian power has none. It is a mere accidental gathering of odds and ends, which must fall to pieces the moment the several nations concerned feel at once the wish and the power to part asunder. When the German is drawn to his fellow-Germans, the Italian to his fellow-Italians, the Slave to his fellow-Slaves, the Rouman to his fellow-Roumans, what will be left of the "great constitutional power" of Lord Salisbury's admiration? The Magyar and nothing else. Some years back, before the events of 1875-1878, some observers of south-eastern affairs—I must confess to having been myself one of them*—cherished the hope that the Hungarian kingdom, as the most settled state of south-eastern Europe, might, when freed from its artificial connection with German and Italian yoke-fellows, have become, whether under the shape of a confederation or any other, the centre of the other nations of south-eastern Europe. Such a "solution," to use the cant phrase of diplomacy, was possible so lately as five years ago; it has become, for the present at least, impossible by the position taken up both by the Magyars as a people and by the Austro-Hungarian power as a power. The hope which I have just spoken of was kindled in many minds by the state of things which was to be seen in the lands east of the Hadriatic, at the time when the war first began in Herzegovina in 1875. That war began, very significantly, immediately after the visit of Francis Joseph to his Dalmatian kingdom, a visit which was universally understood to be a visit of reconciliation to his Slavonic subjects. It was at that moment perfectly open to him to have put himself at the head of the Slavonic movement, and to have done all, and more than all, that Russia did afterwards, without awakening anything like the same jealousy which was awakened by the action of Russia. Such a policy, boldly carried out, might have changed the prince who still calls himself king of Croatia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia—to say nothing of

*I put forth this hope in the first edition of my *First Series of Historical Essays*, p. 282, as late as 1871. In 1879 I had to speak in another tone, in the *Third Series*, pp. 423, 426.

Bohemia, Galicia, and Lodomeria — into the head of a Slavonic empire, like that which was striven for by the Servian Stephen, and in earlier times by the Bulgarian Simeon and Samuel. That is to say, the Hungarian kingdom might have grown into a great Slavonic power. Such a change must, sooner or later, have led to a separation between the Austrian and Hungarian realms, and to the restoration of Austria in some shape or other to its natural connection with Germany. And, towards the end of 1875, things really looked as if the beginning of such a chain of events had actually taken place. Austria was helping the people of Herzegovina in their struggle with the Turk in every way short of actually making war on the Turk. Presently all these hopes faded away, and Austria, from the friend, became the enemy of the struggling nations. The change was not wonderful. The policy which would have enabled Francis Joseph to carry out the dreams of Charles VI. was in itself a very bold one; it was contrary to all Magyar interests; it was contrary to Austrian interests in the narrower sense. But since that change in Austrian policy — of which the kidnapping of Ljubibratic on foreign ground may be taken as the most marked outward sign — everything has to be looked at in another way. From that time every advance of Austria in the south-eastern lands has meant, not the possible growth of a great Slavonic power, but the further sacrifice of the Slavonic nations to the narrowest dynastic interests. The power which might have entered Bosnia and Herzegovina as a deliverer at last entered those lands as a conqueror. They are at this moment held as a conquered land. Under Austrian "administration," the old grievances have not been redressed, and some new grievances have been created. Christians and Mussulmans are beginning to forget their old quarrels in common loathing of the foreign yoke. The dealings of Austria with Montenegro at the Berlin Treaty were all in the same spirit.* The principality was forbidden to annex the kindred lands which were eager to be annexed, but was allowed to annex alien lands which had no wish to be annexed, but whose annexation was necessary for Montenegro to win her way to the sea. All this shows that the Austrian power is the most immediate and most dangerous enemy of

south-eastern freedom. Nowhere did the accession to power of the English friends of south-eastern freedom awaken a stronger feeling of fear and loathing than it awakened in Austria, if by "Austria" we understand the official circles of Vienna and Pesth; nowhere was it welcomed with more enthusiastic delight than in Austria, if by that word we understand the vast majority of the nations which are still under the rule of Vienna and Pesth. To the Slavonic and Rouman subjects of the Austrian and Hungarian crowns — the people who of all the people of Europe have the feeblest means of making their voice heard in other lands — no less than to all the nations which are still under the Turk, Mr. Gladstone's triumph was indeed glad tidings of great joy. His accession to power was at once followed by a formal denial on the part of the representative of Austria in England of schemes which, as every one knew, were the most cherished schemes of Austrian policy. The real meaning of what passed between Mr. Gladstone and Count Karolyi was understood at once in Austrian official circles; after a certain amount of puzzlement at some expressions which might well have been otherwise worded, it was soon understood by the nations whom it specially concerned. To know what is really going on in those parts we must go a little deeper than the despatches which fly daily from one great capital to another. Vienna and Constantinople may tell London the mind of Vienna and Constantinople, or of some classes in Vienna and Constantinople. But better light may be had from more obscure "provincial" sources, say from Manchester and Philippopolis. How the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina feel under Austrian "administration" may be seen, not uncommonly, in the letters which pass from Ragusa to the *Manchester Guardian*.* How such "administration" looks in the eyes of a people who have gained what turns out to be the better boon of "administrative autonomy," may be seen in the press of southern Bulgaria. The *Maritza* of Philippopolis, which has always a page or two of French, has lately been very instructive reading. It was plain-spoken enough while the Russians were in the land. Then the nominal restoration of southern Bulgaria to Turkish rule brought with it a singular fit of respectful language towards his Majesty the sultan. Now that experience has shown that Turkish

* See more in *Historical Essays*, Third Series, p. 470.

* See an instance, the latest of the series, June 7.

rule in southern Bulgaria is purely nominal, above all, now that England is no longer to be reckoned among the enemies of Bulgarian freedom, the south-Bulgarian print has taken heart again. Turkish oppression in Macedonia, Austrian oppression in Bosnia and Herzegovina, are freely spoken of and are bracketed together. When an Austrian minister speaks of "regenerating Turkey" — whatever that may mean — the *Maritsa* hopes that the regeneration will at least not be done after the Austrian pattern. These are certainly signs of the times. It does not become any of us to foretell what may happen; but in carefully looking at things as they do happen, it will make them clearer if we bear in mind that "Austrian interests," and the like, as those words are understood in official language, mean something wholly different from the interests of the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and further, that they mean something wholly different from the interests of the avowed Slavonic and Rouman subjects of the Austrian and Hungarian crowns.

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THE ROMANCE OF CHINESE SOCIAL LIFE.*

THE romantic aspect of Chinese social life is a subject which, quite apart from its general interest, may fairly claim particular attention at the present time, in view of the slow but certain revolution which the largest empire in the world is now undergoing; political, indeed, in its beginnings, but not the less certain to affect, in time, its social condition. Anything, therefore, which helps to a better understanding of the inner life of the Chinese, is an aid to taking a more just view of both their virtues and their defects as fellow-members of the human family. It is, of course, to be expected that the domestic condition of a people so curiously governed, and so oddly held together, so unlike the rest of the world, will present many features which Europeans would describe as romantic. An old writer tells us that China is a country "where the roses have no scent and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sab-

bath day of rest, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads have no carriages, and the ships have no keels; where the needle points to the south, the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is supposed to lie in the stomach; where it is rude to take off your hat, and to wear white clothes is to go into mourning;" and he asks whether in such a country one can be astonished to find "a literature without an alphabet," and "a language without a grammar." Now this description, though not exactly accurate, is not altogether wide of the mark, and, indeed, a much longer list of Chinese contrarieties might be made out: such as, that they mount a horse on the right side instead of the left; that old men play marbles and fly kites while children look gravely on; that they shake hands with themselves instead of with each other; that what we call the surname is written first and the other name afterwards; that they whiten their shoes instead of blacking them; that a coffin is a very acceptable present to a rich parent in good health; that in the north they sail and pull their wheelbarrows in place of merely pushing them; and that all Chinese candlesticks fit into the candle instead of the candle fitting into the candlestick; and so on. Finally, as we shall presently see, it is no uncommon matter for a man to court two or more young ladies at once, and — what is more — marry them both. So we here have to start with a sufficient diversity of customs from what we are accustomed to consider the right way of doing things, to induce a belief that they take a somewhat "topsy-turvy" view of life, if I may so call it, and to lead us to suppose, what is indeed a fact, that Chinese romance, whether found in the native novel or in Chinese native life, has a flavor all its own.

In dealing with the romance of their daily life, I may perhaps as well commence with the royal family, who form the top of a tree which must be admitted to be most uncommonly old, and uncommonly large also, if the usual estimate of China, containing four hundred millions of people, be correct. The present ruling house of China, if we estimate it in the way we estimate European royal families, is, as Charles Dickens observed, a "tremendous family" to provide for, as it embraces the trifling number of some forty thousand souls. Of course this is easily accounted for, if it be recollected that most Chinese emperors have wives by the score, and consequently the num-

* 1. Translations from the *Pekin Gazette*.
2. *Journal of the N.E. Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*.
3. *The North China Herald*.
4. *The China Mail*.
5. *Waifs and Strays from the Far East*. Trübner and Co.

ber of aunts, uncles, cousins, and cousins ever so many times removed, owned by each emperor, make up a rather startling figure. But of course nobody could be expected to love forty thousand cousins; so by Chinese law (or custom) all claim on the emperor's attention closes somewhere about the existing generation of first cousins. Still, as the odd thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixty are undoubtedly of royal blood, a large proportion of them receive about a dollar a month from the public treasury, and if within a certain degree of relationship, are entitled to wear a yellow girdle. This, however, does not in the least interfere with their honestly earning their bread, and the mess coolie in the British legation, at Peking, in 1863, was a yellow-girdled "cousin," entitled, moreover, to wear I don't know what button on the top of his very dilapidated old hat. All members of this imperial clan, however, if they get very little in the way of pension, have one great advantage, they cannot be tried before an ordinary court. A special tribunal exists to try them, and it was stated, in a tolerably recent *Pekin Gazette*, that its members got a terrible wiggling for letting off some of the emperor's relations for some offence they had committed. So much for royal cousins in China. But the ladies of the palace afford the most curious paradox to foreigners, who forget that the Chinese are not the only people who make a great distinction between profession and practice. An ordinary Chinaman, in China proper, will tell you that women are decidedly inferior beings; and as to their having souls, pooh-poohs the idea outright. But if you remark that the whole government of the country has for the last eighteen years (with a short interval) been carried on by two ladies — the emperor's mother and empress dowager, two of the cleverest women now alive in China or any other country — he calmly remarks that perhaps they are different from other folk; and he will not at all admit that the average Chinawoman can possibly possess brains or sense. It is of no use pointing out to him that Chinese history abounds with heroines, and that cases of female pluck, ability, and virtue, are constantly recorded in imperial documents even at the present day. He incontinently changes the subject.

One word about the age of the Chinese Empire. I am not going to bore my readers with any historical discussion; but I may just remark that not far from

Chefoo, a port in the north of China, there is at this moment living a gentleman who can most indisputably trace back his ancestry to five hundred and forty-nine years before Christ. He is the surviving lineal descendant of Confucius, and, as such, enjoys the only hereditary dukedom outside the royal family in the empire. Without inquiring further as to Chinese antiquity, it must I think be admitted that a country which boasts a duke whose family goes back for two thousand four hundred and twenty-nine years (and Confucius himself came of a good old family, beginning, I suppose, about the time of Noah) cannot exactly be looked upon as upstart. The oldest English nobleman's family known cannot show a direct male descent of eight hundred years; though Welshmen, I believe, preserve pedigrees from Adam.

Before parting with the Chinese court I may mention a queer incident or two which I lighted upon a year or two back in the *Pekin Gazette*, and I may here observe that this curious publication is the father of all newspapers or periodicals. Its earliest issue dates back just one thousand one hundred and sixty-four years ago. The subscription for ordinary copies is twenty-five cents (one shilling) a month, or three dollars (about twelve shillings) a year; cheaper even than that wonderful production of modern enterprise — the penny paper. The first incident I noted related to a woman of the imperial clan or cousinship of which I have spoken above. This unfortunate party attempted to present a petition in person to the emperor! For that awful offence she was handed over to the board of punishment, and what *that* means old residents in the East will be able to imagine. At all events, a good slapping on the face with a leather strap was the least probable result. Another queer sin is recorded in an imperial decree of the 15th April of the same year. The boy emperor, it appears, was about making a tour (in his nurse's arms) to his ancestral tombs, when, to the horror of his attendants, the marks of *cart-wheels* were seen on the road which he deigned to honor by passing over. It was of no use to explain that these tracks were made by the carts sent forward with his Majesty's own baggage and provisions. So an edict was published ordering that those responsible be punished "in the most severe manner." Perhaps another offender against the majesty of China fared even worse. He was the *manchu*, com-

mandarin-chief of a frontier town, and was positively guilty of sending a memorial to the emperor which contained a clerical mistake; so they fined him a whole year's salary! On the whole, I fancy it is better to be a clerk in London than at Peking; as one may be sure that if the general was fined a year's salary, his copyist didn't get off with anything less than a flogging of four dozen with the big bamboo well laid on.

I dare say my lady readers will be interested in knowing the quantity of silks and satins annually used by the palace. I find that in the month of October, 1874, there were sent in seven hundred and fifteen suits of chair-bearers' uniforms; four hundred suits for attendants on imperial wives; six hundred and thirty-one suits for imperial lackeys; twenty pieces of gauze; ten thousand pounds-weight of velvets; and five hundred and sixteen pieces of satin for his Majesty's own wear. Later on, in November of the same year, there was ordered for the emperor's mother's birthday: three hundred and fifty-seven "dragon-embroidered" robes; four hundred pieces of "gold and silver satin;" and four hundred and fifty-seven rosewood and glass clothes-boxes. Besides this, thirty-five dragon-embroidered robes, and ninety-five under-dresses were sent for the emperor himself. I fancy this exceeds most bills of the sort, even in Europe; but then a couple of mothers and a hundred wives or so, are apt to be expensive in the matter of dress. There is, perhaps, no country where the contrast between the expenditure of the court and that of the laboring classes, in the matter of dress, is more marked than in China.

The present representative of Confucius's family as the only hereditary duke in China, is the only hereditary noble whose position the emperor I believe cannot meddle with. Princes for instance, however high their rank, can be made or unmade by a stroke of the emperor's pen. On the 10th September, 1874, an imperial edict was published, setting forth that for eighteen months previously the language and tone of the emperor's uncle, the former prince regent, towards the emperor had been "in very many respects unbecoming." The edict goes on to say: "We therefore ordain that by special grace there be substituted for other punishment, deprivation of his imperial principedom of the first class with hereditary succession in the same degree *forever*, and that he be reduced to the

grade of prince of the second degree. His son also is to be deprived of his rank as an admonition and punishment." Fancy a European prince "losing his stripes," like a sergeant, in this way! The fun of the thing was that, next day, two other documents appeared in the *Gazette*—one from the prince returning thanks for the emperor's clemency; and another from the emperor in which it was stated that, at the request of the empresses, he had let the prince off with a warning to be more "diligent and careful" in the future. So the sentence *forever* was rather out of place. The fact was that the prince and the empress-mother had quarrelled, and the latter had insisted on the emperor degrading him; as soon as it was done she began to think she had gone too far, so next day he was pardoned.

The mention made of returning thanks for an imperial punishment recalls the odd length to which this custom is carried. When it is desirable to get rid of some very influential official it is done in a most polite manner. He is not condemned to death. He only receives a neat parcel, containing a silken cord, with an imperial despatch setting forth that, in consequence of his great virtues and many services, the emperor is graciously pleased to allow him to strangle or hang himself, and the recipient is thereupon supposed to write a careful answer thanking his Majesty for his consideration, and stating that the hint will be immediately taken. As a rule, the unlucky writer does finish himself off with all despatch. But a case occurred when I was in Peking which sadly outraged all feelings of Chinese court propriety. General Shang-yü, who, during the last China war, commanded the body of men which treacherously seized Sir Harry Parkes and several others under a flag of truce—most of the poor fellows dying afterwards in great torment—was one of those indiscreet men whose tongues are too long for their safety. After the war he took a local command, and having once been rebuked by the empress-mother, indulged in some remarks about her character. Of course some kind friend told the empress, and some time afterwards, a subordinate of Shang-yü's charging him with some offence, he was ordered to the capital for trial. He came, boldly trusting to his great wealth to escape unpleasant consequences. He was lodged in prison, but allowed to do much as he liked, and some of his wives used to come and see him daily. He stayed there so long,

and was so comfortable, that he began to think he had been forgotten, and in an evil hour he sent in a petition to be put at once on trial. The emperor Tankwong had died since his arrest, and the empresses were in reality governing through the regent prince Kung; and General Shang-yü little knew that his incautious remarks had been repeated. When the petitions of the day were submitted to the junior empress, his was read, and he was ordered to be beheaded. There was nothing for it but to obey the empress's orders, and a decree "permitting" him to strangle himself was immediately drawn up and sent to him with the usual package of silken cord. But Shang-yü didn't take at all a proper view of his duties, and he did not lend himself to the operation. It was not etiquette to call in the gaolers to strangle him, and the bearer of the bowstring and the governor of the gaol were hardly strong enough to cope with a tolerably muscular man who objected to letting them hang him. However, they got the cord round a beam, and after a long course of reasoning got him to mount a stool and put his neck in the noose. It must have been very much like Punch and Judy. For fear he should change his mind, they did not allow him to kick the stool away himself, as is customary, but pulled it away themselves, and when his wives came that day as usual to dinner, they were shown his corpse still hanging.

Many of the punishments inflicted on ordinary people by the penal code of the empire have a touch of the horribly grotesque in their infliction. (I do not here allude to ordinary torture, a description of which would only harrow the feelings of readers, and would lead me too far from my subject.) The murder of a father or mother, for instance, is horribly avenged. A laboring man in Chihli, named Mêng, came home intoxicated one day in 1874, and got into a quarrel with his father, whom he beat about the legs with a wooden pillow. The bruises became inflamed and suppurated, and eleven days afterwards the father died. For having caused his death the son was sentenced to be *sliced to death*—an operation so horrible, as described to me by a European eye-witness, that the mere recollection is indescribably sickening. I was once invited by a Chinese official at Peking to witness this fiendish performance, and he even promised me a "reserved" seat in the market-place where it took place! But I confess I had not

nerve enough to witness it, and one of the unhappy wretches on whom it was performed on that occasion was a woman! The case is thus described in the *Peking Gazette* of that date. The parties concerned earned their livelihood in a small way, owning besides a trifling area of land. The family consisted of the following persons: viz., Wu Ts'ai, a worthless, dissipated fellow; his father; his wife; and their son. Frequent quarrels took place on the subject of money between Wu Ts'ai and his father and wife, one of which having occurred on the afternoon of the 11th September last, when he endeavored to get his wife's consent to the sale of a piece of ground. She refused, and he subsequently beat her until she gave him a hundred cash, the woman in her anger exclaiming to her father-in-law and her son, after the husband had gone out, that they would all be ruined unless they put this ruffian out of the way. The father, himself reduced to despair, agreed that he should be put to death, and the woman then prepared a bag with some lime in it, heedless of the remonstrances of her son. When Wu Ts'ai returned home at night in a state of intoxication, he began again to abuse his wife, and she thereupon summoned her father-in-law and her son, who assisted in tying the victim's arms and legs. The bag of lime was then slipped over his head to smother him, and while the son held his legs down, his father sat upon his head until all struggles were over and life extinct. On the following day, the father alleged to a neighbor that the deceased had died during the night in a fit of intoxication, and induced him to assist in carrying out and interring the corpse. Information having reached the magistrate, however, an inquest was held, and the parties were made prisoners. On confession being elicited, the mother and son were adjudged subject to the most awful penalty of the law, and they were publicly sliced to death accordingly, with the usual formalities. The father of the murdered man was liable according to statute to the penalty of one hundred blows for his share in the crime, but being beyond the age of seventy, he was entitled to commute this by a pecuniary mulct.

Another case, which, if possible, is still more distressing to the European mind, was the similar execution of a poor lunatic lad who killed his mother with a chopper. His insanity was undoubted, and the poor wretch was deaf and dumb besides! But Chinese law holds that in-

sanity is no excuse for any crime. On the contrary, not only is the offender punished as if he were sane, but his nearest relations are liable to a flogging of one hundred blows each for not having kept him under better control. In this case each of the men got forty blows only, on account of the harmless character the lunatic had hitherto enjoyed. But the unhappy murderer was cut up inch by inch.

Residents in the East are not apt to think much of Chinese policemen, yet the law is very strict if they let a criminal escape. Some time since a man was found guilty of what we should only call culpable homicide, and was sentenced to be strangled. He managed however to escape while being conducted from the court to his prison, and the two police in charge of him, each got one hundred lashes and three years' transportation. In another case the penalty inflicted strikes Europeans as really shocking. A woman's father and mother were murdered in Chihli, and she suspected and charged a neighbor with the crime, before the local court. The charge was dismissed, owing, as the woman alleged, to bribery, and she accordingly appealed to Peking. But here she made a mistake; she should have appealed in the first instance to the *provincial* court. The Peking court acquitted the prisoner, and sentenced the woman to fifty stripes for *appealing to the wrong court*. Sometimes one cannot help thinking that a touch of Chinese law would be an improvement amongst ourselves. A friend of mine at Hong Kong sold to a Chinese official, who represented himself as the agent of the government, a quantity of timber for some sixty-three thousand dollars. Unfortunately for himself the official made a serious mistake in translating the bill, as somehow or other the sixty-three thousand dollars became changed into three hundred thousand dollars. I heard he had got into trouble, and when I subsequently asked how he was getting on, I was told that "he had been shortened at both ends,"* which was the fact, and perhaps he deserved it.

A mandarin named Liu, residing at Nanking, distinguished himself by his success in extorting a confession from a criminal of peculiar truculence; more by good luck, however, than good management. For a long time the robber, a man

named Mêng-rh, had been the terror of the neighborhood. His courage was only equal to his crimes; and daring though he was, no single word of confession had ever been wrung from his lips. At last the head of the police department got him into his hands, and, having secured his person, set about making preparations for the necessary torture. These consisted simply in melting a small quantity of copper, which was to be poured over the criminal's flesh in case of obduracy. The responsibility of dealing with so noted a pest to society was not lost upon the officer, and he felt his reputation at stake. So he commenced by asking him in a pleasantly conversational style, whether he felt at all cold. "Rather," was the cool reply. "Have some wine?" asked Liu. The robber thought the doubt implied quite superfluous, but said yes, and that he preferred *ho-tsin*, a white or colorless spirit of excessive strength, which is much drunk in the country. The refreshment was served, but the robber pulled a face, and complained that it wasn't warm enough. "Pooh!" he said, contemptuously, "you fellows don't know how to heat wine." Then, with a significant glance at the pot of boiling metal on the stove, he deliberately took out two lumps of burning charcoal and placed them on his knees; thus holding the wine-cup over them till the wine was hot and the flesh of his legs all burnt. "You see," said he, "I don't mind pain. I know all about your molten copper. Not the slightest use, I assure you!" and then went on to talk of other matters. Poor Liu was simply nonplussed. "Look here," he said, to the extraordinary being in front of him, "I have pledged my honor to wring a confession out of you; you hold my rank and button in your hands. Torture, I see, will have no effect; I throw myself upon your charity!" This very novel appeal had the desired result. "Liu," said the robber, "you are not a bad fellow, though you are not a success as a mandarin." He then confessed to having committed thirteen murders, and he said he did it to support his aged parents. The crime which was charged against him that day, however, he said he did not do; and if he confessed to that, somebody else would be confessing to it afterwards, and then Liu would get into trouble. The two thereupon became bosom friends; and Liu is now looked upon as a perfect Solomon, while the robber was amicably decapitated the other day.

* This is the literal translation of a sentence often imposed; the "amputation of the head and feet."

But to turn to a pleasanter subject than crime, and before coming to love and marriage, which some people may think almost the only matter to which one can apply the name of romance, I may mention one or two curious things which I find recorded as every-day matters in the *Pekin Gazette*. A belief exists amongst the Chinese, that if a father or mother be seriously ill, the most effective way of curing them is for one of their children to cut a piece of flesh out of their own arm or leg and administer a broth made of the flesh in question to their suffering parent. This is at times done, but with sufficient rarity to ensure, as a rule, the matter being reported to the throne for some mark of the emperor's approval. The governor of Hunan recently reported a case in which a graduate named Tso was singularly distinguished for filial piety. When very young, his mother became seriously ill, and believing that heaven could prolong his mother's life by shortening his (quite a Chinese belief), he refused food, and spent a night in supplicating it to that effect. His mother recovered, but some years later, in 1873, she was attacked with a fatal disease, which he tried to counteract by cooking her some broth made out of his own flesh — cut from the muscle of his arm. Unfortunately, not only did the mother die, but the brave son never recovered from his self-inflicted wound, and he died in the following year from its effects. The emperor decreed him a handsome monument.

The annual and three-yearly competitive examinations which, as most European readers are aware, every Chinaman who aspires to official rank has to pass, generally furnish certain romantic incidents. In the gazette I have mentioned we find that in Hunan alone there were four candidates over ninety years of age and sixteen above the age of eighty, and so on in proportion for the other provinces, Kwangsi boasting two aged competitors of ninety-eight and ninety-seven, three of ninety-two, and one of ninety-one. That is working the competitive system with a vengeance, and at first sight it may not be very clear to you what on earth a man aged ninety-seven has to gain by "passing" in anything. But the reason is explained by the fact that such success in China does not ennoble or make respectable a man's children, but his father and grandfather, or their ghosts — in which case even a successful competitor of ninety has performed a very credit-

able act, and when such cases are brought to the emperor's notice, he usually confers an honorary degree, so that the poor men get their wishes fulfilled after all.

People complain a good deal of the sensational character of modern English novels. But the wildest plots given in these do not equal the every-day occurrences of Chinese domestic life. We know, for instance, that young ladies who are crossed in love do sometimes die of a broken heart. But we don't exactly find in the *London Gazette* — which is precisely the same sort of paper as the *Pekin Gazette* — the sort of notice which follows: "January 31st. His Majesty the emperor directs the proper board to bestow the usual mark of imperial favor on the daughter of a man in Peking named Ho En-tso, who, hearing of the death of her betrothed, vowed eternal celibacy, took poison, and died." I do not know if that sort of loyalty to one's love is quite commendable; but the Chinese think differently. By the way, certain writers on China deny that the Chinese ever feel the sentiment of love as we define it. However that may be, there are Chinese examples of faithfulness which are not often paralleled amongst ourselves. I avail myself of Mr. Balfour's authority. Some years ago at Putung a girl of good family was betrothed to a youth of the name of Chao, who unfortunately died shortly before the day appointed for the espousals. The bereaved bride was inconsolable, and entreated her parents to allow her to visit the coffin of her lost love. This request was refused, on grounds of propriety; but the girl, breaking all bounds, ran away to the house of mourning, and throwing herself on the floor beside the corpse, howled in a most determined manner. All attempts to pacify her were useless; and she insisted, moreover, on taking up her abode with the dead lad's parents from that time forward, and devoting herself to them until their death. This was very heroic, of course, but it seems that the old people would rather have been without her. However, she would take no denial, and absolutely did stay and earn enough to pay for her own keep, and to contribute towards the other expenses, for about five years. Then the old couple died; and this virtuous maiden, having honored them there with burial, prepared for her own doom. About this time political matters were in a very unsettled state, and it was rumored in the neighborhood

that the T'ai-p'ing rebels were approaching fast. The excesses of the insurgents were of course well known and dreaded, and the girl was fully aware that if they reached the place while she was alive, her unprotected situation would expose her to the loss of liberty and everything else that she possessed. She accordingly dressed herself in all her richest clothes, as though for a festivity; and then — so goes the story — took a needle, threaded it with silk, and sewed her garments securely on to her own flesh. This done she drank poison, and died. The very next day the rebels came; discovering this lovely corpse, and seeing at a glance the proof of the girl's purity and honor, they treated her with the profoundest reverence. So far, indeed, from robbing her of a single jewel, they gave her honorable interment.

Sometimes, however, constancy and true love win the day. The widow Wang resided in the vicinity of one of the great cities of China, her family consisting of a young son and daughter, the only relics of her dear departed old man. In the next village there lived a gentleman and his wife of the name of Liu, who also had a daughter and son. The families were on terms of much friendly intimacy, and a marriage between the young people seemed only natural, so an engagement was arranged, by a professional middleman, between the son of Mr. Liu and the daughter of the buxom widow. During the period of betrothal, however, and while preparations for the ceremony were going on, it so fell out that the bridegroom elect was taken ill. The widow thereupon suggested that the match should be broken off, as it would be folly for a young girl to bind herself to a confirmed invalid who might die at any moment, and leave his wife disconsolate for life. The Liu family, however, thought differently, and urged the widow to allow her daughter to come and visit the sick youth, in order, if possible, to arouse him from the state of apathy into which he had fallen. Mrs. Wang was scandalized, and refused; but as the Lius appeared to make such a point of it, she was quite at a loss how to act. Now it so happened that in the service of this discreet matron was a servant-girl, who proposed to her mistress that they should have recourse to stratagem; the young people had never seen each other, — why not dress up the son to represent the daughter! No sooner said than done. Mrs. Wang wrote to say that her daughter would come and

see her betrothed, though she would not be able to stay long; and meantime the artful servant dressed young Wang, a lad of sixteen, in girl's clothes, and initiated him into the mysteries of feminine deportment with much ability. The only real difficulty lay in his large feet. The two then set out together, the false bride and her maid. They arrived at the bridegroom's house, and were received without suspicion; then paid a visit of sympathy to the sick youth's bedroom. But the Liu family would not hear of the two guests leaving under at least three days, and Miss Liu took such a fancy to the supposed Miss Wang that they found it simply impossible to get away at all. The servant argued and chattered most energetically, for detection was imminent. What was the use of their staying? she said: the young man was far too sick to be married. "Oh, as far as that goes," said Miss Liu, "the marriage had better take place at once; I will represent my brother at the ceremony, and they can be married by proxy!" So this enterprising damsel dressed herself in boy's clothes, and the girl-bridegroom was married in due form to the boy-bride, much to the satisfaction of everybody concerned. The secret was not discovered by the parents until some months afterwards, when of course there was nothing for it but to confirm the marriage. The invalid having recovered in the mean time, the originally intended wedding took place between him and the bashful lady to whom he had really been betrothed, and the two curiously-matched couples lived happily together ever afterwards.

The peculiar facilities for roguery afforded by the fact that all respectable marriages in China are conducted by means of a go-between or broker, are illustrated by the following story: I may observe that its incidents were the talk of native Shanghai, and that they were published at the time. The unfortunate heroine had four husbands in about as many weeks, having been forsaken by every suitor immediately after marriage. Indeed, her history is a curious one. She is described as being fair to look upon — according to Chinese taste — and in every way calculated to attract admirers; her feet of the tiniest, her eyes of the narrowest — and yet somehow or other there always seemed some obstacle in the way of her getting a husband. At length a marriage-brokeress took compassion upon her, or rather, saw her way to turn the despised lady to good account. She took

her home with her; painted her face, and arrayed her in the most attractive of jacks she could muster. Thus dressed, the girl really looked very well; and very shortly a suitor appeared in the person of a gentleman of some means, who had been left a widower and childless. The brokeress—"white ants," they call these ladies in China—asked him ninety dollars; which he, enraptured with the beauty of his new bride, willingly paid upon the spot. The marriage rejoicings passed off quietly enough; the husband took the fair one home in much satisfaction. But alas! favor is deceitful, and beauty vain. A vacant stare was all the reply vouchsafed to him by his wife when he addressed her; then she broke into a crackling, senseless laugh, and he found that she was mad. Disgusted at being so imposed upon, he packed her again to the person from whom he had purchased her, with a verbal message that he made her a present of the idiot and the dollars too. Nothing could have suited the lady's view more admirably; and next day the mad lady was again at the disposal of the highest bidder. This time the applicant was a man occupying some small post in a *yamen*, and he paid bargain-money to the extent of twenty dollars; in the mean time, however, a married but childless barber appeared upon the scene, and he bought her for a hundred, which he paid, money down, and carried off the prize before the other. The jilted one thereupon abused the "white ant" roundly, and refused to listen to her attempts at a compromise; a wife he had bought, and a wife he would have, and the one in question happened to be particularly to his taste. The old crone's eyes twinkled. "Bide a wee," she said—or words to that effect—"wait a day or two longer, and you shall have her back." The event justified the prediction; the very next day the disgusted barber bundled back the unfortunate idiot, preferring to lose his dollars than his face. The business so far had prospered; two hundred and ten dollars had come rolling in, and another man was hooked already. This man—the *yamen* runner—had meanwhile taken a trip up the river, in order to present his devotions at some shrine at Mon-shan near Nanking, with a view to securing success in his matrimonial schemes; and, during his absence, his number-one wife, fearful lest he should bring back a still more formidable rival, clinched the bargain, and brought the lady home. But she might just as well have

purchased a wildcat. No sooner had the new wife arrived, than her malady took a more serious form than ever, and the house was turned into a perfect bear-garden. The afflicted and much-despised lady was summarily packed off home again; and married next day to a traveller from the country, who paid a similarly heavy price, and did not find out that he had married a maniac until he had got her as far as his residence at Hoochow. Back she came again, poor thing, like a bad penny; she probably found another husband the next week; and meantime the lady who had got possession of her reaped a golden harvest.

I will add one further story from the same source in which the supernatural and the romantic are equally blended. Living in a village in the province of Kwangtung, are two brothers, types apparently of the poor but honest Chinese rustic.

"Brother," said the younger, one day, "you are forty years of age; why don't you marry? At this rate we shall never be able to perpetuate our father's family, nor to raise for ourselves any sons against our declining years." "The reason I do not marry," responded the other, "is that I cannot afford it—otherwise I would;" whereupon the younger of the two implored his brother to sell him, and buy a wife with the proceeds! The proposal, however, was indignantly scouted by the elder. "What," said he, "exchange a brother for a wife? Never! A wife I may at any time be able to procure, but I can never get another brother." But a wealthy neighbor, overhearing the conversation, called upon the two, entered into an insinuating colloquy with the elder man, and finished by offering him thirty taels of silver for his *hiung-ti*. The temptation was too strong; the young man was sold, and went into voluntary captivity to his new master, receiving board and lodging in return for his services, while the elder went out and bought a wife with the money. On the arrival of this lady at home, however, she began to question her lord as to the whereabouts of his brother. "I always heard," she said, "that there were two of you; what has become of him?" "My dear," replied her spouse, "the fact is, I have sold him; and what is more, if I had not done so, I should never have been able to get you." Whereupon his wife was greatly shocked; and going back to her father's, she told him the whole story, beseeching him to furnish her with means of bringing back

her brother-in-law. Two days afterwards she returned joyfully with the necessary amount, which she deposited for safety under her bed; but alas! a short time only elapsed before the box containing it most strangely disappeared. This so affected her mind that she tried to hang herself; and was so far successful that she was put into a coffin, and taken out to be buried. Present at the funeral was a sister of the widower, swathed up to the eyes in white bandages, and howling as only jackals and bereaved Celestials can howl. Suddenly there came on a fearful thunderstorm; the rain poured down in torrents, crash succeeded crash, and flash followed flash, until one riband of flame passed through the body of the disconsolate sister-in-law, stretching her a corpse upon the ground. As she fell, her jacket opened, and out tumbled the missing coin! The same flash that killed her, shattered the coffin, and aroused the apparently dead wife; and so the judgment of heaven was fulfilled. The false sister was speedily packed away in the coffin, and buried; the husband and wife trudged piously home with their recovered treasure; the younger brother was redeemed from slavery, and the family are now living happily together, as anybody who cares to go and visit them may see for himself. Now this story is vouched for by no less respectable an authority than a licentiate of Canton; but whether it redounds most to the credit of Chinese morality or the licentiate's inventive powers, it is difficult to decide. I cannot of course vouch for this story, though it is implicitly believed by Chinese hearers.

My last selection from the numerous stories at my disposal shall be the transcription of an ordinary newspaper paragraph, which appeared under the heading of "Police Reports" in a recent issue of the *China Mail*. Mok A. Cheuk, servant to Captain —, was charged with obtaining money under false pretences. The complainant Lu A. Ng, a hawker, stated that he lived at Canton Bazaar. On the 24th December last he lost a quantity of clothing and some money, his box having been broken open during his absence from home. He offered a reward, but could gain no information. On the 26th December the defendant came to him and said he could find out by magic who stole the things, if the complainant would only give him three dollars, and he would get his things back. The complainant believed him, and gave the three dollars. The defendant got a basin of water and

looking-glass. He put the glass into the water, and he burned some paper. He then used some incantations, and told complainant that he saw the thief in the glass: he was a man of about thirty or forty years of age, and wore a black coat and a pair of white trousers. The defendant asked the complainant to look into the glass, but failed to see anything. The defendant then said that only children could see, and two children, one boy and one girl, both aged about eighteen years, were brought to the test, but they also could not see. The girl afterwards, however, said she could see a man with a black coat and a pair of white trousers on. She said this after her eyes had been rubbed with some charmed water. The defendant said if the man did not return back the property in one week, he would return the complainant the three dollars. Weeks had elapsed, but the stolen property was not forthcoming, and complainant went frequently to ask the defendant about it, when he put him off from day to day. At last he had to give him into custody. Young Alui, a girl twelve years of age, was called. She said she saw a man who was wearing a black coat and white trousers, in the mirror. He was walking; he had a bundle in his hand, and had no umbrella or fan. From subsequent evidence, however, it turned out that this girl was a relation of the defendant. The magistrate sent him to two months' hard labor.

From the foregoing examples, it will, I think, be considered that, to those who have "eyes to see," life in the far East is far from being devoid of interest as regards the teeming millions so little studied by their foreign visitors. The subject is indeed inexhaustible, but the patience of readers has a limit.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE NORTHERN SHEPHERD.

THERE is something at once poetical and exceedingly prosaic in the word "shepherd" according to the point of view from which it is looked at. It brings to our minds the smock-frocked man on the Wiltshire downs, or on the sunny hills of Devon, with his kindly, but often not very intelligent, face, a cider-drinking, bacon-eating father of smock-frocked, bacon-eating children. There is the pretty pair, relique of the Dresden era, with

their delicate flower-adorned crooks and garments, charming and useless. The black-bearded, swarthy man, whose like has watched flocks on Syrian or Arabian deserts for untold generations, is another type. And, lastly, we can see on old Greek vases, or on still more ancient sculpture, the figure of a man with god-like face and stately limbs, lying sunburnt and half naked by a fountain or river, playing on his pipes, or wooing some maiden, fair indeed, but scarcely more so than himself. The shepherds of the north of Scotland yield in grace and dignity to the last, but stand, we think, superior to the first; and we propose in this paper to give a short account of them, and of the wild land in which they live.

Of the deer, the grouse, and the salmon, greatly though we love them, we shall say little here. After the full and accurate accounts given of them by such writers as Scrope, St. John, and Colquhoun, little remains to be said; these men in their younger days had opportunities which are now, alas! wanting to us. They could follow, with little let or hindrance, the deer from Loch Inver to Dunrobin, or from Loch Shin to the Kyle of Tongue, and fish without question rivers which now let for a hundred pounds a month. They all, too, had the power of bringing vividly before their readers the scenes they were describing, and St. John is peculiarly successful in this art. We seem, as we read his charming pages, almost to smell the peat smoke of the shepherd's house into which he turns wet and tired after his long day on the hill. Our feet slip with his on the polished downlying stems of the rank heather, as breathless and panting he struggles up to cut off the wounded deer. We can almost hear the alarmed "whutter" of the old malar as he hurriedly rises from the lonely mountain loch only to come down again. In their time wild Sutherland was still wilder; animals and birds which they came frequently across are extinct or very rare now. The weird old stories too, about the freebooters and poachers, the fierce wolves and enormous stags, the giants and the cave-dwelling spirits, were fresher then. It is hard to say what may be going on in the lonely hills of Sutherland in another hundred years.

When the bracken and the birches are beginning to feel the effects of the early autumn frosts, and the larch is found in the morning with her yellow needles lying about her, as if it were a garment, most of the shooting tenants move southward,

and for nine months Sutherland is left once more to itself. And yet for some, though perhaps these are but few, it has in the late autumn and in the winter charms not less than in the purple August. The summer look of the country, that known best by the great majority of its visitors, is of course gone. The hot sun, shining with broad face over the great moors, and making the outlines of the hills shake and tremble in its fierce heat, and the still more beautiful summer midnight, semi-Arctic in its lightness, when Sailven, and Canispe, and Benmore, though twenty miles away, can be seen cutting the clear sky with their bold masses, are wanting — though indeed in these degenerate times hot sun and clear skies are not familiar sights even in the summer. To these few a long tramp on some lowering November afternoon has a peculiar fascination, when the shadows of the great clouds are chasing each other wildly over the far-stretching moors, and the sun, now grown faint and powerless, shows up here and there the sickly yellow grass against the brown heather; whilst with every breath they inhale air which has been driven a hundred miles over the mountains, as if it needed filtering and purifying fresh from its journey of thousands more across the sea.

The shepherds of Ross-shire and Sutherland, about whom more especially we are writing, are physically a fine race. Many people have a fixed idea that all Highlanders are tall, strong men; others, judging probably from the fishermen they have seen on the east coast, or from the western islands, imagine them small, stunted, and red-haired. Of course there are some small, poor-looking men, but as a rule they will compare favorably with any race in these islands; and it would be a strange thing if they did not. Their life is eminently calculated to make them do so. Their food, though simple, is abundant; the oat-meal which, with milk and a little mutton and bacon, forms their diet, is well known for its properties of bone-making. They breathe air than which there is no purer in the world, and their out-of-door life insures them sound and healthy sleep.

If to most men the life of a shepherd would appear strange and almost appalling in its utter loneliness, to some few it has, for this very reason, a peculiar fascination. (We are speaking here of the genuine hillman, not of one who is connected with a coast arable farm.) Some of the straths and glens are well

populated — well populated, that is to say, for that country. There may be on twenty miles of road a couple of shooting-lodges, with their attendant collection of keepers' houses, a few small crofts, perhaps an inn, and possibly a kirk, though these two latter are infrequent, and the average distance between inns in Sutherland (always excepting a narrow strip on the east coast) may be set down at from fifteen to thirty miles. Many of the shepherds' houses, however, are a long distance off the main road, and a man, after walking from the nearest railway station twenty or thirty miles, and often much further, may have to turn across the heather for five or six more before he gets home, though there is often a peat track to help him. His most probable near neighbor will be a keeper, and keepers and shepherds do not always pull well together, there being knotty questions about heather burning, and sheep straying over marches (the latter being especially frequent when the adjoining land is under deer), which have to be settled afresh every year, and which cause no little amount of jealousy and ill-feeling between the two. Sometimes, however, they are great friends; and as a rule they get on pretty well together, partly, no doubt, for the sake of companionship, and partly, on the keeper's side at least, from motives of policy, for he knows well, if he is worth anything, how essential it is for the welfare of his game that he and the shepherd should be on good terms, and how great the power is which the latter has over it.

Here then in his substantial, generally slated house, the shepherd lives a lonely life: out all day and every day on the hills; not able to discuss the local news with forester or ploughman as men in the lowlands can, and indeed often with no local news to discuss, spending the whole day for weeks and months and years alone with his collies and his sheep, and coming back at night to his wife and children, perhaps the only human faces he will see for long stretches of time together. And if the life of the man is considered a dreary one, what must it be for the wife? Poor lassie! a long course of natural selection has adapted her for it; but she must often hardly know what she is consenting to when she allows herself to be persuaded by some prosperous young shepherd's eloquence to go up to his far-away strath, and make his lonely life less lonely. The first year after her marriage may be called one long honeymoon, if the fact of seeing hardly any one but her hus-

band can constitute one. But he is rarely with her in the day, and with little to do, it must often be weary work alone from the early morning till late in the afternoon. She will sometimes have enough to think about, though, on some wild December or January evening, when the wind comes driving down the glen, making the house, firmly built as it is, rock, and piling the white drift high up against its walls. At such times it must be difficult to avoid remembering dismal stories of men as brave, as stalwart, and as determined as her husband, whose bravery and determination were of no avail against their silent and awful enemy — the snow. Then in the midst of her forebodings her husband arrives, a good-looking, red-haired, knickerbockered fellow, who kisses his wife, laughs at her fears, and sets to at his supper with the appetite of one of his own collies.

When, too, the little ones arrive one by one, and squall, and grunt, and crow, and make those pretty noises in which all mothers take so much delight, she cannot, like her lowland sisters, invite her friends and gossips to tea, to inspect and admire their many charms. Their distant and out-of-the-way life prevents this, and for years the children live, seeing few faces but their parents', playing contentedly all day and in all weathers before the door, sunburnt, yellow-headed, healthy little boys and girls, to grow up, the girls as servants in the low country, the boys, perhaps to take their father's place, perhaps to become under a paternal government an item in the material by which in these days "scientific frontiers" are arranged and held.

The shepherd's wife, as has been said, sees few faces, but now and then she has visitors whom she could well dispense with. The lonely roads which run from the east to the west coast are, strange as it may appear, not unfrequently used by tramps, tinkers, and gipsies, and if the house is near at hand, a bold face is sometimes poked into the kitchen, and a demand rather than a request made for oat-cake or milk. What can a poor girl do when she looks out and sees other bold faces behind? Sometimes these people make a return by mending something for their unwilling hostess; sometimes a little impertinence is her only reward.

At one time the shepherd would have had other neighbors. The hills of Sutherland were not always so lonely as they are in these days. Now a man may travel in many parts the length of a long summer

day without meeting any one, unless it be a stray keeper or shepherd, and without coming across any inhabited house. But he will see traces of the latter, and signs that men have once been there. Along the shores of the far-inland-running sea lochs or kyles, and in some of the most sheltered and best-watered straths, are to be seen the remains of houses — some in tolerably good preservation, others totally ruined — and often it is only by the increased greenness of the patches in the heather, or by a turf-grown ridge, dimly to be traced, that he knows he is standing on ground on which men who have long since been dead and forgotten once lived and worked. This is not the place to enter into a discussion as to the justice or injustice of the compulsory clearance of these moor crofters. There can, however, we think, be little doubt that, if the change was a benefit to the landlords, it was ultimately much to the benefit of the tenants, and that no one who has seen, as the writer has, the poverty, the hard existence, and the temptations to become indolent and apathetic, which are the almost inseparable adjuncts to the lives of these men, would wish to see them reinstated. These remarks apply to those who work their small holdings up in the mountains, far away from the large arable farms. When the crofts are near the latter, the owners can, if they like, get pretty regular work, and are proportionately more prosperous. In the former case, little can be done in this way except at rare intervals, such as during the clipping and smearing, and as a ten-acre croft cannot employ a family's whole time, there is a good deal of idleness, and men are satisfied with getting a mere existence out of their land.

The shepherd has a few little breaks in his monotonous life. The clipping, which on large farms lasts a week or ten days in fine weather, in wet much longer, is one; and though the clippers have to work very hard, they enjoy it, and look forward to its meetings, and gossip, and attendant flirtations, with great interest. There is a wedding now and then in the strath, and a wedding feast in these parts is a serious business, often lasting not only all day but all night too. If there is a cow to buy or sell (shepherds always keep cows, grass for them being allowed by the farmer), a visit has to be paid to one of the kyle or west-coast fairs; and, cow or not, most men manage to turn up at the famous "Fiel-eadachan," or "market of the white stone," held just across the

Sutherland march in November. It is on occasions like these that our otherwise sober shepherd is apt to indulge in a little too much whisky.

On all farms, especially on those where the ground is steep, or where there is much cliff-land, as on the coast, sheep often get crag-bound; that is, are tempted by the sweet, fresh grass to climb down to some rock or ledge from which they cannot get up, and unless seen and rescued, they of course die. The enormous extent of some sheep-farms prevents the minute examination of ground which can be given on southern pastures; sixty or seventy thousand acres in the Highlands are occasionally let to one man, and some farms have an ill reputation for this kind of loss. The shepherd in such cases has to be let down by ropes to their prison, and, their legs being tied together, gets them hauled up. Sometimes the stupid things, frightened and bewildered, throw themselves over the rocks just when help is near, and if it is the sea which is below, a boat is, if possible, brought round to be ready to pick them up.

So much for their fine-weather life; the winter one is very different. Cold and snow are the enemies which have to be fought for many weeks — sometimes, during late years, for many months. Descriptions have often been given of snowstorms, but the best of them can convey but a feeble idea of the reality, and we shall not attempt it here. It is hard and heart-breaking work travelling any distance on the hills through deep snow, even when the weather is fine; but it is when a furious wind is driving this white covering, catching it up and whirling it about in dense masses, and cutting the breath with its icy cold almost to the point of suffocation, that the fearful power of a really bad snowstorm in the north is felt. It is a very rare thing for a shepherd to be lost even in the very worst winter; their great experience, their wonderful and most minute knowledge of their ground and of landmarks, their power of endurance, and, lastly, their sagacity in reading beforehand the signs of the weather, are their safeguards. Still they have not always escaped, and the deer stalker may have pointed out to him, perhaps on a broiling September afternoon, when the mind almost refuses the conception of such a quality as cold, the place where in some late spring long since was found all that remained of the poor shepherd who used to live in the little house below. From long experi-

ence they are able to foretell a coming change with the greatest accuracy. Often the grouse-shooter out on the moors at the end of November, or just before the season closes, is disgusted to hear the dreaded yells, whistles, and other terrible sounds which denote a "gathering." He can see no signs of the coming storm. Perhaps the weather is dry, and the wild birds are lying better than they have done for weeks past, but of course his day is spoilt, and he may give it up and go home. In the morning, when the snow, already deep, is still falling, he will be sorry for the bad language he probably used, and be glad to think of the sheep, so scattered yesterday, now lying snug and sheltered near at hand.

Taken as a body, shepherds may be called well-educated, intelligent, and moral men. The weekly *Scotsman* and — best of local papers — the *Inverness Courier* find their way up to the glens, and a stranger would be surprised at the knowledge they show and the interest they take in the affairs of the great world from which they are so far divided. Home and foreign politics are keenly followed, and we remember being once, to use a homely word, very much "stumped" when, on going into a house in the north of Sutherland to get a bit of oat-cake, we were asked by an old shepherd there "what the Ultramontanes were doing now." Religion has a strong hold up in these mountains, often tintured, it is true, with a good deal of bigotry and superstition. A long distance will not keep the man from the kirk, and it is a curious sight in July, just before the summer sacrament, to see the troops of people crossing the moors, old and young, men and women together, carrying their finery with them, and bound often on a two days' journey. To an English eye the great gatherings on these occasions seem an almost unmixt evil — a time which some of those present, especially the women, have good cause to remember as long as they live. Illegitimacy, however, which, with drunkenness, is the great curse of agricultural Scotland, is rarer in the class we are writing of than in the rest of the population; and though an unmarried shepherd lives alone with his servant (sometimes, it is true, a sister or relation, but frequently a stranger), it is not very often that anything goes wrong. The hard swearing, common among the lower classes, is not heard so much here. What would, however, be the result of translat-

ing the Gaelic conversation carried on with the collies, it is not easy to say.

The shepherd does, no doubt, a little poaching; a good loch in an out-of-the-way hirsell will have the likely spots along its shores (especially those suited for night-fishing) well trodden by other feet than those of the laird and his keepers; but not much harm is done, and the offence seems a venial one in a man imbued from a long line of forebears with the instincts of a sportsman. There was a time when salmon and venison formed no little part of his diet. It is not so now. There are old men still living in Strath Carron in Ross-shire who used to pay to the then Balnagown factor with their rent an additional half-crown a year for the right of killing salmon, not, be it remembered, with rod or net, but with leister, or click, or by any means they could. At that time the coble fishings in the Kyle of Sutherland were not so constantly or scientifically worked (if indeed at all) as they are now; and we have heard men say that, when they wished to take a cart across a ford in the Carron during the spawning season, it was often first necessary to drive away the multitudes of fish which were lying in the shallow waters, lest they should be injured, or their splashing should frighten the horse. Half a century ago deer-poaching was much commoner. Even in these days, when, during a hard winter, the starving beasts come prowling about the little patches of cultivated ground, the temptation of sending a handful of slugs among them is sometimes too great to be resisted. Many a grand set of horns that would now be worth two five-pound notes to any keeper has been smashed up and thrown into a peat hag lest the possession of an article so difficult to hide should get the owner into trouble.

And here perhaps we shall be pardoned if we break the promise made at the beginning of this paper, and give one little story — a true one — as an illustration of this kind of work. It was told us by an old man now living in Ross-shire, who was one of the actors in it.

One fine September morning, more than fifty years ago, a man from this same Strath Carron was out after deer. He may have been a shepherd or he may have been a crofter, we don't know; on this particular occasion he was a poacher. In those days there were hardly any keepers in the northern forests; that of Balnagown, however, the oldest in the

country, was an exception, and the deer, though not nearly so numerous as they are now, were much finer. The man met with little luck all day, but late in the afternoon he came across a very fine stag, with seventeen or eighteen points, lying in a corrie called "Crock Moror," on the east side of the Glenmore Water. The stag was in very difficult ground, and could not be stalked without great risk. The poacher waited a long time in the hope of a change of position, but night coming on, he had to leave, feeling pretty sure, however, as the deer had not been disturbed, and as it was yet early in the season, of finding him in the same place next morning. He went home, and in a weak moment confided his secret to a friend. This friend, also a poacher, at once insisted on going too, and, disgusted at his own stupidity, the first man had to give way, saying, however, that the corrie in which he had seen the deer was one at the head of Glenmore, not far from where the shooting-lodge of Deanich now stands. But this corrie is some miles west of Crock Moror, where the stag had really been. They then went to bed, agreeing to start soon after midnight so as to be on their ground at the first light. When the time came, however, the Strath Caron man feigned sickness, but unselfishly insisted on his friend's not losing such a grand chance, and started him off alone. So soon as he was well away, the sick man became suddenly well; he too shouldered his gun, an antique flint and steel weapon, and set off, no doubt chuckling at the success of his manœuvre. Away he went, across the hills by Croick, and over the Glen Alladale Water to the top of Crock Moror, in which corrie, or in the adjoining one of Glasgoil, he expected to find the stag. Nothing was to be seen — the corrises were quite empty. Much disappointed, but still not losing all hope, he went on up Glenmore, and his disappointment was soon changed to bitter disgust at meeting, radiant with triumph, his last night's friend, sent, as he thought, on a fool's errand. *He* had slain the stag. The animal had shifted his ground during the night, passed eastward up the glen, and, by a curious coincidence, had gone to the very place to which the second poacher had been misdirected. The head of this animal is said to be one of those in the fine collection at Tarbet House, but though there are two or three there with a great number of points they are not so remarkable for strength and width as some of the others.

So the shepherd lives a contented, peaceful life, far removed from the dirt and poverty, the smoke and noise of the great world; his long, uneventful existence only marked by such incidents as his marriage, his daughter's marriage, or an unusually unhealthy year in his hirsell. And at last a day comes when he must leave his house, never again to enter it, and is carried on the shoulders of men whom he had known all his life, for whose fathers and brothers he had perhaps done the same office, across the moors and down the glens to one of the little kirkless burying-grounds which are scattered here and there among the hills. There is such a one in Strath Oykel, above Rosehall, not far from the mound on which it is said that a woman sat long ago and saw her seven sons slain in battle. There, under the short-cropped, bee-haunted turf, the old shepherd lies, and, in a place of burial far grander than Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, waits for the day to be; his face looking up towards the sky, whose signs he knew so well to read, shut in on every side by the stately mountains, perhaps the oldest in the world, which have looked down upon his little troubles and happiness, his love and his disappointments; which, unchanged and still indescribably ancient, stood there when Troy was young, and another and a fairer shepherd yet unborn, and which will, so far as we can see, stand there unaltered to the end of time. GILFRID HARTLEY.

From The Nineteenth Century.
STORY-TELLING.

THE most popular of English authors has given us an account of what within his experience (and it was a large one) was the impression among the public at large of the manner in which his work was done. They pictured him, he says, as a radiant personage whose whole time is devoted to idleness and pastime; who keeps a prolific mind in a sort of corn-sieve and lightly shakes a bushel of it out sometimes in an odd half-hour after breakfast. It would amaze their incredulity beyond all measure to be told that such elements as patience, study, punctuality, determination, self-denial, training of mind and body, hours of application and seclusion to produce what they read in seconds, enter in such a career . . . correction and re-correction in the blotted manuscript; consideration; new observations; the patient massing of many reflections, experiences, and imaginings for one minute purpose; and the patient

separation from the heap of all the fragments that will unite to serve it — these would be unicorns and griffins to them — fables altogether.

And as it was, a quarter of a century ago, when those words were written, so it is now: the phrase of "light literature" as applied to fiction having once been invented, has stuck with a vengeance to those who profess it.

Yet to "make the thing that is not as the thing that is" is not (though it may seem to be the same thing) so easy as lying.

Among a host of letters received in connection with an article published in the *Nineteenth Century* ("The Literary Calling and its Future" *), and which testify in a remarkable manner to the pressing need (therein alluded to) of some remunerative vocation among the so-called educated classes, there are many which are obviously written under the impression that Dogberry's view of writing coming "by nature" is especially true of the writing of fiction. Because I ventured to hint that the study of Greek was not essential to the calling of a story-teller, or of a contributor to the periodicals, or even of a journalist, these gentlemen seem to jump to the conclusion that the less they know of anything the better. Nay, some of them, discarding all theories (in the fashion that Mr. Carlyle's heroes are wont to discard all formulas), proceed to the practical with quite an indecent rapidity; they treat my modest hints for their instruction as so much verbiage, and myself as a mere convenient channel for the publication of their lucubrations. "You talk of a genuine literary talent being always appreciated by editors," they write (if not in so many words by implication); "well, here is an admirable specimen of it (enclosed), and if your remarks are worth a farthing you will get it published for us, somewhere or another, *instantly*, and hand us over the cheque for it."

Nor are even these the most unreasonable of my correspondents; for a few, with many acknowledgments for my kindness in having provided a lucrative profession for them, announce their intention of throwing up their present less congenial callings, and coming up to London (one very literally from the Land's End) to live upon it, or, that failing (as there is considerable reason to expect it will), upon *me*.

With some of these correspondents,

however, it is impossible (independent of their needs) not to feel an earnest sympathy; they have evidently not only aspirations, but considerable mental gifts, though these have unhappily been cultivated to such little purpose for the object they have in view that they might almost as well have been left untilld. In spite of what I ventured to urge respecting the advantage of knowing "science, history, politics, English literature, and the art of composition," they "don't see why" they shouldn't get on without them. Especially with those who aspire to write fiction (which, by its intrinsic attractiveness no less than by the promise it affords of golden grain, tempts the majority), it is quite pitiful to note how they cling to that notion of "the corn-sieve," and cannot be persuaded that story-telling requires an apprenticeship like any other calling. They flatter themselves that they can weave plots as the spider spins his thread from (what let us delicately term) his inner consciousness, and fondly hope that intuition will supply the place of experience. Some of them, with a simplicity that recalls the days of Dick Whittington, think that coming up to London is the essential step to this line of business, as though the provinces contained no fellow-creatures worthy to be depicted by their pen, or as though, in the metropolis, society would at once exhibit itself to them without concealment, as fashionable beauties bare themselves to the photographers.

This is, of course, the laughable side of the affair, but, to me at least, it has also a serious one; for, to my considerable embarrassment and distress, I find that my well-meaning attempt to point out the advantages of literature as a profession has received a much too free translation, and implanted in many minds hopes that are not only sanguine but utopian.

For what was written in the essay alluded to I have nothing to reproach myself with, for I told no more than the truth. Nor does the unsettlement of certain young gentlemen's futures (since by their own showing they were to the last degree unstable to begin with) affect me so much as their parents and guardians appear to expect; but I am sorry to have shaken, however undesignedly, the "pillars of domestic peace" in any case, and desirous to make all the reparation in my power. I regret most heartily that I am unable to place all literary aspirants in places of emolument and permanency out of hand; but really (with the exception

* *LIVING AGE*, No. 1855, p. 531.

perhaps of the universal provider in Westbourne Grove) this is hardly to be expected of any man. The gentleman who raised the devil, and was compelled to furnish occupation for him, affords in fact the only appropriate parallel to my unhappy case. "If you can do nothing to provide my son with another place," writes one indignant paterfamilias, "at least you owe it to him" (as if I, and not Nature herself, had made the lad dissatisfied with his high stool in a solicitor's office!) "to give him some practical hints by which he may become a successful writer of fiction."

One would really think that this individual imagined story-telling to be a sort of sleight-of-hand trick, and that all that is necessary to the attainment of the art is to learn "how it's done." I should not like to say that I have known any members of my own profession who are "no conjurors," but it is certainly not by conjuring that they have succeeded in it.

"You talk of the art of composition," writes, on the other hand, another angry correspondent, "as though it were one of the exact sciences; you might just as well advise your 'clever Jack' to study the art of playing the violin." So that one portion of the public appears to consider the calling of literature mechanical, while another holds it to be a sort of divine instinct!

Since the interest in this subject proves to be so wide-spread, I trust it will not be thought presumptuous in me to offer my own humble experience in this matter for what it is worth. To the public at large a card of admission to my poor manufactory of fiction — a "very one-horse affair," as an American gentleman, with whom I had a little difficulty concerning copyright, once described it — may not afford the same satisfaction as a ticket for the private view of the Royal Academy; but the stings of conscience urge me to make to paterfamilias what amends in the way of "practical hints" lie in my power, for the wrong I have done to his offspring; and I therefore venture to address to those whom it may concern, and to those only, a few words on the art of story-telling.

The chief essential for this line of business, yet one that is much disregarded by many young writers, is the having a story to tell. It is a common supposition that the story will come if you only sit down with a pen in your hand and wait long enough — a parallel case to that which assigns one cow's tail as the measure of distance between this planet and the

moon. It is no use "throwing off" a few brilliant ideas at the commencement, if they are only to be "passages that lead to nothing;" you must have distinctly in your mind at first what you intend to say at last. "Let it be granted," says a great writer (though not one distinguished in fiction), "that a straight line be drawn from any one point to any other point;" only you must have the "other point" to begin with, or you can't draw the line. So far from being "straight," it goes wabbling aimlessly about like a wire fastened at one end and not at the other, which may dazzle, but cannot sustain; or rather what it does sustain is so exceedingly minute, that it reminds one of the minnow which the inexperienced angler flatters himself he has caught, but which the fisherman has in fact put on the hook for bait.

This class of writer is not altogether unconscious of the absence of dramatic interest in his composition. He writes to his editor (I have read a thousand such letters): "It has been my aim, in the enclosed contribution, to steer clear of the faults of the sensational school of fiction, and I have designedly abstained from stimulating the unwholesome taste for excitement." In which high moral purpose he has undoubtedly succeeded; but, unhappily, in nothing else. It is quite true that some writers of fiction neglect "story" almost entirely, but then they are perhaps the greatest writers of all. Their genius is so transcendent that they can afford to dispense with "plot;" their humor, their pathos, and their delineation of human nature are amply sufficient, without any such meretricious attraction; whereas our too ambitious young friend is in the position of the needy knife-grinder, who has not only no story to tell, but in lieu of it only holds up his coat and breeches "torn in the scuffle," — the evidence of his desperate and ineffectual struggles with literary composition. I have known such an aspirant to instance Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" as a parallel to the backboneless, flesh-and-bloodless creation of his own immature fancy, and to recommend the acceptance of the latter upon the ground of their common rejection of startling plot and dramatic situation. The two compositions have certainly *that* in common; and the flawless diamond has some things, such as mere sharpness and smoothness, in common with the broken beer-bottle.

Many young authors of the class I have in my mind, while more modest as re-

spects their own merits, are even still less so as regards their expectations from others. "If you will kindly furnish me with a subject," so runs a letter now before me, "I am sure I could do very well; my difficulty is that I never can think of anything to write about. Would you be so good as to oblige me with a plot for a novel?" It would have been infinitely more reasonable of course, and much cheaper, for me to grant it, if the applicant had made a request for my watch and chain; * but the marvel is that folks should feel any attraction towards a calling for which nature has denied them even the raw materials. It is true that there are some great talkers who have manifestly nothing to say, but they don't ask their hearers to supply them with a topic of conversation in order to be set a-going.

"My great difficulty," the would-be writer of fiction often says, "is how to begin;" whereas in fact the difficulty arises rather from his not knowing how to end. Before undertaking the management of a train, however short, it is absolutely necessary to know its destination. Nothing is more common than to hear it said that an author "does not know where to stop;" but how much more deplorable is the position of the passengers when there is no terminus whatsoever! They feel their carriage "slowing," and put their heads expectantly out of window, but there is no platform — no station. When they took their tickets, they understood that they were "booked through" to the *dénouement*, and certainly had no idea of having been brought so far merely to admire the scenery, for which only a few care the least about.

As a rule, any one who can tell a good story can write one, so there really need be no mistake about his qualification; such a man will be careful not to be wearisome, and to keep his point, or his catastrophe, well in hand. Only, in writing, of course, there is greater art. *There* expansion is of course absolutely necessary; but this is not to be done, like spreading gold-leaf, by flattening out good material. That is "padding," a device as dangerous as it is unworthy; it is much better to make your story a pollard — to cut it down to a mere anecdote — than to

get it lost in a forest of verbiage. No line of it, however seemingly discursive, should be aimless, but should have some relation to the matter in hand; and if you find the story interesting to yourself notwithstanding that you know the end of it, it will certainly interest the reader.

The manner in which a good story grows under the hand is so remarkable, that no tropic vegetation can show the like of it. For, consider, when you have got your germ — the mere idea, not half a dozen lines perhaps — which is to form your plot, how small a thing it is compared with, say, the thousand pages which it has to occupy in the three-volume novel! Yet to the story-teller the germ is everything. When I was a very young man — a quarter of a century ago, alas! — and had very little experience in these matters, I was reading on a coachbox (for I read everywhere in those days) an account of some gigantic trees; one of them was described as sound outside, but within, for many feet, a mass of rottenness and decay. If a boy should climb up birds-nesting into the fork of it, thought I, he might go down feet first and hands overhead, and never be heard of again. How inexplicable too, as well as melancholy, such a disappearance would be! Then, "as when a great thought strikes along the brain and flushes all the cheek," it struck me what an appropriate end it would be — with fear (lest he should turn up again) instead of hope for the fulcrum to move the reader — for a bad character of a novel. Before I had left the coachbox I had thought out "Lost Sir Mas-singberd."

The character was drawn from life, but unfortunately from hearsay; he had flourished — to the great terror of his neighbors — two generations before me, so that I had to be indebted to others for his portraiture, which was a great disadvantage. It was necessary that the lost man should be an immense scoundrel to prevent pity being excited by the catastrophe, and at that time I did not know any very wicked people. The book was a successful one, but it needs no critic to point out how much better the story might have been told. The interest in the gentleman, buried upright in his oak coffin, is instinctively weakened by other sources of excitement; like an extravagant cook, the young author is apt to be too lavish with his materials, and in after days, when the larder is more difficult to fill, he bitterly regrets it. The representation of a past time I also found

* To compare small things with great, I remember Sir Walter Scott being thus applied to for some philanthropic object. "Money," said the applicant, who had some part proprietorship in a literary miscellany, "I don't ask for, since I know you have many claims upon your purse; but would you write us a little paper gratuitously for the *Keepsake*?"

it very difficult to compass, and I am convinced that for any writer to attempt such a thing, when he can avoid it, is an error in judgment. The author who undertakes to resuscitate and clothe with flesh and blood the dry bones of his ancestors, has indeed this advantage, that, however unlikelike his characters may be, there is no one in a position to prove it; it is not "a difference of opinion between himself and twelve of his fellow-countrymen," or a matter on which he can be condemned by overwhelming evidence; but, on the other hand, he creates for himself unnecessary difficulties. I will add, for the benefit of those literary aspirants to whom these remarks are especially addressed — a circumstance which, I hope, will be taken as an excuse for the writing of my own affairs at all, which would otherwise be an unpardonable presumption — that these difficulties are not the worst of it; for when the novel founded on the past has been written, it will not be read by a tenth of those who would read it if it were a novel of the present.

Even at the date I speak of, however, I was not so young as to attempt to create the characters of a story out of my own imagination, and I believe that the whole of its *dramatis personæ* (except the chief personage) were taken from the circle of my own acquaintance. This is a matter, by the by, on which considerable judgment and good taste have to be exercised; for if the likeness of the person depicted is recognizable by his friends (he never recognizes it by any chance himself), or still more by his enemies, it is no longer a sketch from life, but a lampoon. It will naturally be asked by some: "But if you draw the man to the life, how can he fail to be known?" For this there is the simplest remedy. You describe his character, but under another skin; if he is tall you make him short, if dark, fair; or you make such alterations in his circumstances as shall prevent identification, while retaining them to a sufficient extent to influence his behavior. In the framework which most (though not all) skilled workmen draw of their stories before they begin to furnish them with so much even as a door-mat, the real name of each individual to be described should be placed (as a mere aid to memory) by the side of that under which he appears in the drama; and I would strongly recommend the builder to write his real names in cipher; for I have known at least one instance in which the entire list of the *dramatis personæ* of a novel was carried

off by a person more curious than conscientious, and afterwards revealed to those concerned — a circumstance which, though it increased the circulation of the story, did not add to the personal popularity of the author.

If a story-teller is prolific, the danger of his characters coinciding with those of people in real life who are unknown to him is much greater than would be imagined; the mere similarity of name may of course be disregarded; but when in addition to that there is also a resemblance of circumstance, it is difficult to persuade the man of flesh and blood that his portrait is an undesigned one. The author of "Vanity Fair" fell, in at least one instance, into a most unfortunate mistake of this kind; while a not less popular author even gave his hero the same name and place in the ministry which were (subsequently) possessed by a living politician.

It is better, however, for his own reputation that the story-teller should risk a few actions for libel on account of these unfortunate coincidences than that he should adopt the melancholy device of using blanks or asterisks. With the minor novelists of a quarter of a century ago it was quite common to introduce their characters as Mr. A and Mr. B, and very difficult their readers found it to interest themselves in the fortunes and misfortunes of an initial.

It was in the summer of the year 18—, and the sun was setting behind the low western hills beneath which stands the town of C; its dying gleams glistened on the weathercock of the little church, beneath whose tower two figures were standing, so deep in shadow that little more could be made out concerning them save that they were young persons of the opposite sex. The elder and taller, however, was the fascinating Lord B; the younger (presenting a strong contrast to her companion in social position, but yet belonging to the true nobility of nature) was no other than the beautiful Patty G, the cobbler's daughter.

This style of narrative should be avoided.

Another difficulty of the story-teller, and one unhappily in which no advice can be of much service to him, is how to describe the lapse of time and of locomotion. To the dramatist nothing is easier than to print in the middle of his playbill, "Forty years are here supposed to have elapsed;" or "Scene I.: A drawing room in Mayfair; Scene II.: Greenland." But the story-teller has to describe how these little changes are effected, without being able to take his readers into his confi-

dence.* He can't say, "Gentle reader, please to imagine that the winter is over, and the summer has come round since the conclusion of our last chapter." Curiously enough, however, the lapse of years is far easier to suggest than that of hours; and locomotion from Islington to India than the act, for instance, of leaving the room. If passion enters into the scene, and your heroine can be represented as banging the door behind her, and bringing down the plaster from the ceiling, the thing is easy enough, and may be even made a dramatic incident; but to describe, without baldness, Jones rising from the tea-table and taking his departure in cold blood, is a much more difficult business than you may imagine. When John the footman has to enter and interrupt a conversation on the stage, the audience see him come and go, and think nothing of it; but to inform the reader of your novel of a similar incident—and especially of John's going—without spoiling the whole scene by the introduction of the commonplace, requires (let me tell you) the touch of a master.

When you have got the outline of your plot, and the characters that seem appropriate to play in it, you turn to that so-called "commonplace book," in which, if you know your trade, you will have set down anything noteworthy and illustrative of human nature that has come under your notice, and single out such instances as are most fitting; and finally you will select your scene (or the opening one) in which your drama is to be played. And here I may say, that while it is indispensable that the persons represented should be familiar to you, it is not necessary that the places should be; you should have visited them, of course, in person, but it is my experience that for a description of the salient features of any locality the less you stay there the better. The man who has lived in Switzerland all his life can never describe it (to the outsider) so graphically as the (intelligent) tourist; just as the man who has science at his fingers' ends does not succeed so well as the man with whom science has not yet become second nature, in making an abstruse subject popular.

Nor is it to be supposed that a story with very accurate local coloring cannot

be written, the scenes of which are placed in a country which the writer has never beheld. This requires, of course, both study and judgment, but it can be done so as to deceive, if not the native, at least the Englishman who has himself resided there. I never yet knew an Australian who could be persuaded that the author of "Never Too Late to Mend" had not visited the underworld, or a sailor that he who wrote "Hard Cash" had never been to sea. The fact is, information, concerning which dull folks make so much fuss, can be attained by anybody who chooses to spend his time that way; and by persons of intelligence (who are not so solicitous to know how blacking is made) can be turned, in a manner not dreamed of by cram-coaches, to really good account.

The general impression perhaps conveyed by the above remarks will be that to those who go to work in the manner described—for many writers of course have quite other processes—story-telling must be a mechanical trade. Yet nothing can be farther from the fact. These preliminary arrangements have the effect of so steeping the mind in the subject in hand, that when the author begins his work he is already in a world apart from his everyday one; the characters of his story people it; and the events that occur to them are as material, so far as the writer is concerned, as though they happened under his roof. Indeed it is a question for the metaphysician whether the professional story-teller has not a shorter lease of life than his fellow-creatures, since, in addition to his hours of sleep (of which he ought by rights to have much more than the usual proportion), he passes a large part of his sentient being outside the pale of ordinary existence. The reference to sleep "by rights" may possibly suggest to the profane that the story-teller has a claim to it on the ground of having induced slumber in his fellow-creatures; but my meaning is that the mental wear and tear caused by work of this kind is infinitely greater than that produced by mere application even to abstruse studies (as any doctor will witness), and requires a proportionate degree of recuperation.

I do not pretend to quote the experience (any more than the mode of composition) of other writers—though that of most of my brethren and superiors in the craft I am well acquainted—but I am convinced that to work the brain at night in the way of imagination is little short

* That last indeed is a thing which, with all deference to some great names in fiction, should in my judgment never be done. It is hard enough for him as it is to simulate real life, without the poor showman's reaching out from behind the curtain to shake hands with his audience.

of an act of suicide. Dr. Treichler's recent warnings upon this subject are startling enough, even as addressed to students, but in their application to poets and novelists they have far greater significance. It may be said that journalists (whose writings, it is whispered, have a close connection with fiction) always write in the "small hours," but their mode of life is more or less shaped to meet their exceptional requirements; whereas we story-tellers live like other people (only more purely), and if we consume the midnight oil, use perforce another system of illumination also—we burn the candle at both ends. A great novelist who adopted this baneful practice and indirectly lost his life by it (through insomnia) notes what is very curious, that notwithstanding his mind was so occupied, when awake, with the creatures of his imagination, he never dreamed of them; which I think is also the general experience. But he does not tell us for how many hours *before* he went to sleep, and tossed upon his sleepless pillow till far into the morning, he was unable to get rid of those whom his enchanter's wand had summoned.* What is even more curious than the story-teller's never dreaming of the shadowy beings who engross so much of his thoughts, is that (so far as my own experience goes at least) when a story is once written and done with, no matter how forcibly it may have interested and excited the writer during its progress, it fades almost instantly from the mind, and leaves, by some benevolent arrangement of nature, a *tabula rasa*—a blank space for the next one. Every one must recollect that anecdote of Walter Scott, who, on hearing one of his own poems ("My hawk is tired of perch and hood") sung in a London drawing-room, observed with innocent approbation, "Byron's, of course;" and so it is with us lesser folks. A very humorous sketch might be given (and it would not be overdrawn) of some prolific novelist getting hold, under some strange roof, of the "library edition" of his own stories, and perusing them with great satisfaction, and many appreciative ejaculations, such as "Now this *is* good;" "I wonder how it will end;" or "George Eliot's, of course."

* Speaking of dreams, the composition of "Kubla Khan" and of one or two other literary fragments during sleep has led to the belief that dreams are often useful to the writer of fiction; but in my own case at least I can recall but a single instance of it, nor have I ever heard of their doing one pennyworth of good to any of my contemporaries.

Although a good allowance of sleep is absolutely necessary for imaginative brain-work, long holidays are not so. I have noticed that those who let their brains "lie fallow," as it is termed, for any considerable time, are by no means the better for it; but, on the other hand, some daily recreation, by which a genuine interest is excited and maintained, is almost indispensable. It is no use to "take up a book," and far less to attempt "to refresh the machine," as poor Sir Walter did, by trying another kind of composition; what is needed is an altogether new object for the intellectual energies, by which, though they are stimulated, they shall not be strained.

Advice such as I have ventured to offer may seem "to the general" of small importance, but to those I am especially addressing it is worthy of their attention, if only as the result of a personal experience unusually prolonged; and I have nothing unfortunately but advice to offer. To the question addressed to me with such *naïveté* by so many correspondents, "How do you make your plots?" (as if they were consulting "The Cook's Oracle"), I can return no answer. I don't know, myself; they are sometimes suggested by what I hear or read, but more commonly they suggest themselves unsought. I once heard two popular story-tellers, A who writes seldom, but with much ingenuity of construction, and B who is very prolific in pictures of everyday life, discoursing on this subject.

"Your fecundity," said A, "astounds me; I can't think where you get your plots from."

"Plots?" replied B; "oh! I don't trouble myself about *them*. To tell you the truth, I generally take a bit of one of yours, which is amply sufficient for my purpose."

This was very wrong of B; and it is needless to say I do not quote his system for imitation. A man should tell his own story without plagiarism. As to truth being stranger than fiction, that is all nonsense; it is a proverb set about by Nature to conceal her own want of originality. I am not like that pessimist philosopher who assumed her malignity from the fact of the obliquity of the ecliptic; but the truth is Nature is a pirate. She has not hesitated to plagiarize from even so humble an individual as myself. Years after I had placed my wicked baronet in his living tomb, she starved to death a hunter in Mexico under precisely similar circumstances; and so late as last

month she has done the same in a forest in Styria. Nay, on my having found occasion in a certain story ("a small thing, but my own") to get rid of the whole wicked population of an island by suddenly submerging it in the sea, what did Nature do? She waited for an insultingly short time, in order that the story should be forgotten, and then reproduced the same circumstances on her own account (and without the least acknowledgment) in the Indian seas. My attention was drawn to both these breaches of copyright by several correspondents, but I had no redress, the offender being beyond the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery.

When the story-teller has finished his task and surmounted every obstacle to his own satisfaction, he has still a difficulty to face in the choice of a title. He may invent indeed an eminently appropriate one, but it is by no means certain he will be allowed to keep it. Of course he has done his best to steer clear of that borne by any other novel; but among the thousands that have been brought out within the last forty years, and which have been forgotten even if they were ever known, how can he know whether the same name has not been hit upon? He goes to Stationers' Hall to make inquiries; but—mark the usefulness of that institution—he finds that books are only entered there under their authors' names. His search is therefore necessarily futile, and he has to publish his story under the apprehension (only too well founded, as I have good cause to know) that the High Court of Chancery will prohibit its sale upon the ground of infringement of title. JAMES PAYN.

From *The Argosy*.

A FORGOTTEN CRIME.

I.

TOWARDS the end of the last century, the great English university of O— was startled and alarmed by an event which had no parallel in its history. Dreadful as the event in itself was, and widespread as was the horror which it occasioned at the time, nearly all record of it has disappeared. The pages of old reports of criminal trials are silent on the subject: in the scanty columns of the daily newspapers of that day but little reference to the occurrence will be found. It was by the merest chance that I, who

am about to narrate the history of these extraordinary incidents, happened to light in a friend's library on an old and musty copy of a book which still preserves a very brief outline of the facts. This book was an archæological history of O— and its colleges, with the usual amount of gossip about the most celebrated buildings and inhabitants of that ancient city; and in giving a history of what I shall call "Bedford" College, it mentioned the occurrence of the tragedy which I intend to describe.

The account was meagre and unsatisfactory in the extreme; still, it seemed so extraordinary, that I wondered I had never heard a word of the matter before. During the four years of my academic course in that very university, I had never heard so much as a whisper of this long-past history. But then I was not a member of that particular college which was the scene of the tragedy: and I have lately been told by one or two of my old friends who hail from that college, that they remember hearing of a tradition that long ago a murder had been committed within the walls of that venerable building. They had, however, never enquired into it, and had always treated it as a fable.

Perhaps, if I had not taken the trouble to probe the matter further, I also should have regarded it as fabulous; but the account in that old volume had excited my curiosity, and I set myself to find out the truth about this mysterious tragedy, which seemed to have been so effectually blotted from the memory of man. The result has amply repaid me. After diligent investigation of old manuscripts, of college archives, of one or two volumes hidden away in dark and dusty corners of the great university library, and a collection of all the scattered threads of tradition which still exist with reference to this long-forgotten subject, I now am in possession of indisputable evidence, showing not only the truth of the account of these remarkable events, which is contained in the volume that first attracted my attention to them, but also all the most important details connected with the chief actors. I will now place the story, as clearly as I can without further preface, before the reader.

In the Michaelmas term of the year 179—, in the dull and cold November days which heralded the advent of winter, the young men of Bedford College determined to vary the monotony of their daily

studies with a display of fireworks. Of course the authorities, consisting of the venerable president of the college—an old gentleman of about seventy years of age—and the tutorial staff, or fellows, had strictly forbidden any such display; and, equally as a matter of course, this prohibition added strength to the undergraduates' determination. A large quantity of fireworks had been ordered from London, and by the beginning of the month were safely deposited by the London coach at the gate of the college, and hence surreptitiously carried to a disused cupboard in the room of one undergraduate.

On the night of the 14th of that month some eight or ten young men were sitting in a large, oak-panelled room of the college. The room was then occupied by an undergraduate named Sydney. It was furnished tastefully, though more in the style of a drawing-room than of a student's apartment, books being few and far between, while sofas, easy chairs, and handsome pictures showed the tastes of the occupant. It was a gathering of the ringleaders in the firework movement, and this was the night determined upon for carrying out their undertaking. Every person in the room was masked, for these young gentlemen were much afraid of being identified by the fellows, in which case they would probably have met with severe punishment, perhaps even the pains and perils of rustication itself.

Sydney himself, who, from subsequent descriptions of his appearance, must have been a handsome, elegant youth, was lolling against the mantelpiece and explaining to his comrades his plan for making the night hideous. It was, briefly, to gather together various old chairs, brushes, boxes, and pieces of wood into the middle of the great quadrangle, as noiselessly as possible, to saturate them with oil, to set fire to the mass, and then, when the authorities descended from their rooms to attempt to put an end to the unexpected bonfire, to welcome their appearance in the quadrangle with squibs, crackers, and all the other infernal machines which lay ready to their hands.

The plan seems to have been readily adopted; and by ten o'clock, under cover of darkness, a very considerable pile of combustible materials had been gathered together, and sprinkled with all the available oil that could be found in lamps and cans. At half past ten it was agreed the bonfire was to be lighted, and the fireworks were brought out of their hiding-

place, put into a large hamper, and placed ready for use in one dark corner of the quadrangle, at the entrance to the passage which led to the rooms occupied by the dean of the college.

To understand what follows, it is necessary to have some idea of the way in which the college buildings were arranged. There were two quadrangles, an inner and an outer; the outer, which was much the smaller of the two, was a kind of antechamber to the great quadrangle. A person entering the college first passed through the great gateway, with its massive oak doors, its finely carved stone ceiling, and its porter's lodge on one side; out of this he emerged into the smaller quadrangle with its small central grass-plot, its gravel path running all round, and its great grimy stone walls pierced at regular intervals with antique windows. There were three stories to the college buildings (except over the gateway, where there was a tall, imposing-looking tower rising a story above the surrounding roofs), and the architecture was plain Gothic.

From this outer quadrangle a low passage led through into the larger quadrangle, which also had a central grass-plot, and a wider gravel path encircling it on its four sides. On one side of this quadrangle was the college hall, the scene of examinations, of lectures, and of dinners, and on the other side was the college chapel. At various points there were passages leading into the building, and staircases—old, creaky, wooden staircases—which led up to the rooms on the higher stories. The house occupied by the president of the college was in neither of the quadrangles, but a little to the left of the main gateway, in a little yard of its own. So the venerable head of the establishment was removed a slight distance from the scene of the disturbances of that eventful night. Even had he been nearer, and within view of the disorderly proceedings of the undergraduates, it is very improbable that he would have attempted to check them, as he left all that sort of work to his subordinates—the dean, the bursar, and the other fellows.

The dean, it must be remembered, is in most of the O—colleges a very small functionary, not at all resembling the ecclesiastical dignitary of the same name to be met with in cathedral towns and knee-breeches. He is not even a clergyman, except by an accident, and his duties are confined to a general superintendence of the lives and manners of the under-

graduate members, and of the general well-being of the whole college. At this time a Mr. Hamer was dean, a gentleman apparently of a rather hasty temper, who was noted for being—or wishing to be—a strict disciplinarian. All the greater, therefore, was the youthful pleasure of the conspirators in their anticipation of the anger and excitement which they foresaw would be the consequence, in the breast of Mr. Hamer, of their midnight frolic. One other point should be mentioned, and that is that the servants of the college had departed long before the time of the intended display; for it was a rule then, as it is now, that all servants should be out of the gates by nine o'clock in the evening.

The night was exceedingly dark. A cold mist had crept up from the river and lay like a thick pall over the old academic city. The streets were nearly deserted; but in many a college window glistened the rays of lamps or candles, telling of studious toil or idle dissipation carried into the late hours of the night. But there were few lights to be seen in the windows of Bedford College; for at this moment the great bell of the university church was striking the half-hour, and most of the undergraduate members of the college were gathered in the open air near the centre of the grass-plot in the big quadrangle. Had any fellow chanced to look forth at that time, he would have been astonished and perhaps a little alarmed to observe groups of dark figures gathered together underneath the windows, and others flitting to and fro carrying mysterious burdens—all this happening in a profound silence which denoted that something "out of the way" was occurring.

"Now's the time," whispered Sydney, as the last notes of the clock were dispersed into the fog; and suiting the action to the word, he struck a light from a tinder-box held ready in his hand, and applied it to the base of the black pile.

Suddenly a bright flame shot aloft, startling even the performers. In a few minutes the bonfire was blazing in a way that lit up every corner of the old buildings, and made those who had not provided themselves with masks pull their trenchers down over their foreheads, and retreat into the darker entrances to the staircases and passages. But the spirits of the chief actors rose with the occasion; with a wild shout of triumph they hailed the success of their plan, and, joining

hands, danced round and round the blazing pile, shouting, laughing, and singing at the top of their voices. Then crackers and all kinds of fireworks began to fly about the quadrangle. Authority, in the shape of the porter, appeared, but was at once induced to beat a retreat by a shower of fiery missiles. The fun became fast and furious; and it could hardly be doubted that the dean, whose windows overlooked this scene of turbulence, would soon appear in person and try to quell the tumult.

But the dean, like a prudent man, was first taking an observation from behind his closed window, before issuing forth. Anger, however, at this unseemly disturbance soon overcame his prudence, and it seems that about ten minutes after the breaking out of the bonfire he appeared in the quadrangle, and shouted in loud tones of indignation to the performers in the war-dance to "put out that fire and go to their rooms." He even ventured out on to the grass and tried to get near enough to identify the individuals; but he was received with so *warm* a welcome that it is a wonder he escaped back into shelter without the loss of one of his eyes. He retired to his chamber, and, opening his window, expostulated in loud and angry tones on the character of the proceedings, on the danger of the buildings, and the probable consequences to the culprits. But his eloquence was cut short by renewed discharges of fireworks directed to his casement, so that he was fain to draw back into the safety of his own apartment in a condition of impotent rage.

But soon the fire began to need replenishing; the store of fireworks was exhausted, several undergraduates had retired, thinking that the best of the fun was over; while others—and among them Sydney—had gone off in search of fresh fuel. Under the circumstances, the dean, backed up by two other fellows of the College, made a determined rush into the middle of the quadrangle, dispersed the remnants of the blaze, and had the pleasure of seeing the conspirators—who now thought that prudence was the better part of valor—retreat to their various quarters.

Augustus John Hamer, however, was not satisfied with this empty triumph. He was still boiling with fury. His dignity had been insulted. His authority had been set at naught. He had noticed that several of the conspirators had worn blackened masks, and he now proposed

to his two colleagues to make a raid on the rooms of those whom they suspected to have been the ringleaders, and, if possible, to surprise them before they had doffed their disguise. It was agreed that they should separate, each selecting one set of chambers, and by making an unexpected entrance discover some evidence of guilt. The two fellows, it afterwards appeared, succeeded in gaining admittance to the rooms of two undergraduates notorious in the college for being the first in defiance of restraint and schemes of insubordination. But their expected victims were apparently deeply immersed in study, with no outward sign of having been recently engaged in the uproar, and were innocently surprised at the honor of so late a call.

The dean, however, met with a different reception; and as the comedy now ends, and the more tragic part of that night begins, it will be best to give the exact events as minutely as possible from this point.

It so happened that he had long suspected Sydney of being an unquiet spirit, so he directed his attack to his room. Entering the smaller quadrangle, he proceeded to a staircase on the west side, ascended one flight of stairs, knew by the printed name on the door that he was at the right apartment, knocked once, and without waiting for an answer, entered. But the room was nearly dark. There was a small fire burning on the hearth, throwing every now and then a flickering light over the room, but the room was very dark, and it felt cold and chilly, one window being wide open, and the night air blowing in. In spite of the darkness, the occupier of the room might be playing a trick; he might be concealed in a corner, or he might be in the smaller inner room — the bedroom — which opened out of the bigger chamber, and the door of which was wide open. So the dean advanced nearly to the fireplace. Then, as the fire suddenly burst up for a moment, he had a distinct vision of an armchair drawn up in front, and a human figure sitting in it with legs stretched out in the laziest possible attitude towards the smouldering embers.

"Sir! Mr. Sydney! Do you hear me? It is I — Mr. Hamer — the dean — it is I, sir! Be polite enough to rise and light a candle, if you please."

But the figure remained perfectly still.

A dean of a college is an important personage — in his own eyes. No wonder he felt his anger rising at this stolid indif-

ference to his dignity. A dean to pay a visit to an undergraduate, and the undergraduate to sham to be asleep!

"Mr. Sydney! — it is useless to pretend, sir! — if you don't answer me at once, I shall report you to the president. Rise up, sir, at once!"

But the figure remained obstinately still.

Something began to make the dean feel uncomfortable. Was he sure this was Sydney? Had he *really* seen him in the chair? The fire had not blazed up again — he was speaking to silence and darkness. It was quite a new experience for the dean. He thought of the warm, brightly-lit rooms he had just left, and began to wish that one of the fellows had come with him.

Just then another flare from the fire. He again saw the armchair, the outstretched human form, and this time he caught a momentary sight of the face. Yes, those were Sydney's features, there could be no mistake — looking pale, in the firelight, or perhaps because he knew that he was found out. Truly, the wrath of deans is a dread thing to incur. Well might he look pale. So fancied the dean of Bedford College, and his anger rose again within him at the thought of this barefaced pretence of sleep, this obstinate continuance in a detected imposture. It was a shock to his feelings to be so treated. Ay, Mr. Dean, you have had one shock already in this silent chamber, and you shall have another before you leave it.

"For the last time, Mr. Sydney, I order you to rise!"

There was no movement, no sound.

The night-wind blew into the room with a gust; it lifted the window-blind, and made it flap with a weird, impatient sound. Anger will not last under such conditions; the dean shivered, and again, he scarcely knew why, he felt uncomfortable. He looked round him nervously: the door was shut. Why did he shut it when he came in? Why were there no people stirring outside? He must end this, at all costs. He made a step forward, clutched the chair-back, and gave it a violent shake.

This time the figure stirred. It gave a convulsive, shivering movement — then it uttered a deep, shuddering groan — and again all was still.

There was no mistaking that sound. In the deep silence of that chamber it struck upon the ear as awful, portentous, appalling. The dean, not generally a

timid man, shrank back in horror. What did this mean?

Once more the fitful firelight blazed up, and the blaze lasted full a quarter of a minute. A short time, but long enough for him to see that the face was ghastly pale, and that the hands were clutching the arms of the chair with a convulsive grip. For a moment the thought occurred, "This may be all a sham." What was that on the floor?—that small, dark line creeping slowly from the chair to the fire? A fearful idea possessed his brain: he dropped on his knees—he touched it—it was wet—*it was red!* He, the strong man, staggered to his feet, rushed to the door, shrieked for "Help! help!" was just conscious of people running, of lights, of noise, and then sank in a dead faint, overpowered by the slow-growing, suddenly realized horror of that dreadful night.

II.

THE next day, as will be imagined, all was consternation in Bedford College and throughout the university.

The bolt had fallen, but whence? Why had a blameless lad been singled out; what was the motive of the perpetrator; and why, above all, had that particular moment been selected for the deed?

It was soon discovered that the blow had been aimed from behind. Sydney, who was not dead, but dangerously wounded and lying unconscious, had been taken at once to the president's house, where he could have the benefits of female attendance and nursing. In those days there was no hospital in O—, and indeed it would have been unsafe, if there had been, to have taken the wounded youth so far through the cold air and fog. He was undressed and put to bed, when a large wound, produced apparently by some sharp instrument, was found just between the shoulders, at the back of the neck. A great deal of blood had been lost, and the doctors gave faint hopes of recovery.

The police, such as they were at the end of the last century, were put upon the scent; but the would-be murderer had left no trace behind him. There was no appearance of a struggle in the apartment; no weapon had been found; nobody had seen any suspicious person hanging about the college during any part of that day. The college servants, about twenty in number, were, without an exception, old retainers whose honesty was well known. Besides, had any one of

them done the deed, he would have had to secrete himself somewhere in the college between the hours of nine and eleven—that is, between the time when all servants had to leave, and the hour when the act was accomplished. This perhaps would not have been difficult. But it was harder to understand how, after effecting his purpose, he could have escaped. The porter had let no one out after eleven on that evening; high walls surrounded the college, and the windows on the ground floor were strongly barred to prevent anybody dropping into the street.

A fact which was soon discovered was that no money or other property of the victim had been stolen. His purse, his watch, were in his pocket: all his goods and belongings were left in his room just as they usually were. No; the motive—whatever it might have been—was not plunder.

The members of the college were of course most active in giving assistance. The old president had made the most valuable suggestion that came from any quarter for discovering the author of the crime. "Search the college thoroughly *at once*," he said; "search every room, every attic, every cellar!" And with the willing aid afforded by the undergraduates, this was done. Before twelve o'clock on the night of the tragedy every hole and corner which could possibly conceal a murderer had been thoroughly explored. But with no result.

Under these circumstances there was nothing to do but to keep a vigilant watch on the premises and in the whole city for the next few days, and wait until Sydney himself should become conscious enough—if that ever happened—to give his account of what he knew of the event.

Meanwhile an uncomfortable feeling at once sprang up in the college. If nobody from outside had done the deed, it followed that the murderer was still among them. Of course this idea was only mentioned to be immediately scouted. Everybody pretended to believe that some outsider crept in unobserved, had hidden himself in the room, had taken his victim in an unguarded moment, and then had managed to escape: fear of being discovered probably preventing him from carrying away any booty. Such was the favorite theory.

Still an undefinable feeling of uneasiness pervaded the whole college. Undergraduates hurried quickly along dark passages at night, nervous glances greeted

any unnoticed footfall, "oaks" were "sporting" at unusually early hours, and the majority attempted to banish fear by meeting together in large numbers in each other's rooms, and talking loudly and vehemently about other subjects. But conversation always seemed to come round to the same theme: the vision of their comrade seated in his armchair warming himself at his own fire, and the stealthy tread of his murderer coming on him from behind. These were the images that filled their minds, and gave the prevailing tone to all attempts at unconstrained talk. All agreed, however, that whatever else might happen, it was hardly likely that the murderer would dare to attempt another deed of the same kind within the walls of the same building. In other colleges, and, indeed, through the whole city, there was an alarmed watchfulness of the slightest suspicious circumstances, and a feeling that, Bedford College having had its turn, the undiscovered criminal might now pass on to some other field on which to indulge his murderous propensities.

On the third night after the event above described, a party of some six or eight undergraduates was sitting in a large room, occupied by one of the number, on the ground floor. This room was between the two quadrangles, with windows looking on to both, and its door opened on to the passage connecting the larger with the smaller. It was quite half past eleven by this time, but there seemed to be no sign of a breaking up of the gathering. Wine was on the table, cigars and pipes were being smoked, coffee was circulating in large cups, and conversation and merriment—for nothing can make youth melancholy for long—was at its height. Every one of the names of this small assembly is to be found in the books I have referred to, but as they are not material to our present purpose, it is not necessary to repeat them.

While they were thus engaged, another undergraduate entered, who was welcomed by all present with lively marks of recognition. His name was Rutherton: a gay, light-hearted youth, who hailed from across the Border, but who retained few traces of his Scotch parentage beyond a slight accent. He was universally popular throughout the college, and was now greeted as an acquisition and addition to the enjoyment of the evening.

"Enter, my friend, enter," said the master of the chamber. "Some excellent coffee very much at your service. Where

have you come from? Take a chair, and a cigar; make yourself at home."

Rutherton drew a spare chair to the fire. "By Jove! it's a cold night, though," he said; "freezing hard." Then he looked round the room in an absent kind of way, and stopped.

"Now, Rutherton, cheer up," shouted one of his friends; "you look down in the mouth. What's the news?"

"He's been having it out with the dean for 'gating' him," suggested another.

"No, no; he's been carrying on an unsuccessful flirtation by post with some Highland lassie; she won't respond to his affections, so he's hipped, poor fellow."

"What is it, Rutherton?" said his host.

"What's what?" replied the new comer. "I'm all right."

"Ah, that's disappointing. We were all hoping you had some dreadful news to communicate to us. It would be so exciting, you know. Don't you think you could go away and get murdered, and then come back and tell us?"

"Murdered? I! No, but I'll tell you what," said Rutherton, suddenly rousing himself, and looking round earnestly, "I shouldn't wonder if somebody else had been murdered to-night."

"What do you mean?" said several voices at once.

"Well, I'll tell you about it. That's what I came for, really. I was sitting in my room, doing, or trying to do, some reading; it was about half an hour ago. I dare say I began to nod over my books. But I was made wakeful enough before long, I can tell you, by most fearful and extraordinary noises somewhere near me. And I want some of you fellows to come and listen, and find out what it is; for upon my soul I would rather have somebody with me than go searching about the college at night by myself."

All were startled and excited. Each looked at his neighbor, and asked, "Is there another mystery?" Who could tell? Their sense of horror, which had been preternaturally awakened on the night of the tragedy, but had since burnt low again, blazed up once more at the slightest suggestion of a new cause for alarm. They followed Rutherton noiselessly through the smaller quadrangle to the gateway, ascended the stairs, and found themselves in his room on the first floor. These rooms were very lofty, being immediately over the porch, which itself was a tall one; so that the gateway and

the chamber, in which they were now assembled, together reached as high as the three stories of the rest of the college. Then above these rooms there was the highest room in the college, in the tower itself, which rose far above the roofs of the rest of the building. The tower rooms—as they were called—a bedroom and a sitting-room, were then occupied by an undergraduate named Ferrand. Rutherton's rooms were exactly below.

The lamp at which he had been reading was still burning, and there was a bright fire. So they all waited in a state of anxious expectancy, and remained quite noiseless. A few minutes elapsed, which to them appeared hours, and Rutherton was just beginning in a low voice, "It may have been only my fancy"—when a distinct and peculiar sound struck upon their ears. It was a laugh; a prolonged, low, monotonous laugh, unmirthful, metallic; coming, as it seemed, from some adjoining chamber, and deadened in its passage through intervening walls. There is nothing, one might think, very terrifying in a laugh. This, however, could hardly be heard by the least nervous person with equanimity; there was something so unearthly, so appalling, so unnatural about it that it chained every one of the hearers to their seats while it lasted: and at length, when it died off into a distant gurgle, they did not stir for some little time, but seemed overpowered by the influence of a vague terror.

At last Rutherton shivered, and rose up. "That's what I heard," he said. "Now, what does it mean? Let me tell you that I am glad to have you with me, for that's not a pleasant sound to listen to alone, by any means."

"Pleasant!" exclaimed another. "It's the most appalling cachinnation I ever had the luck to listen to. Where on earth does it come from?"

"Oh, it must be the porter; his lodge is below," suggested one.

"The porter!" replied another; "not he, unless he's suddenly taken leave of his senses. Who are in the rooms on either side of you, Rutherton?"

"Let me think," said Rutherton. "You know these rooms are approached by different staircases, so there is a solid wall between us; I hardly think any noise could penetrate. On this side"—and he pointed to the left—"Anson's room would come; on the other"—and he mentioned another undergraduate whose chambers would be beyond the wall to the right.

It was at once proposed that they should separate into two parties, and explore the two rooms, to discover, if possible, the cause of what had alarmed them.

"You fellows are making a great mistake," said Elworthy, one of the quietest of the group. "Which do you think conducts sound best: a brick wall of eight inches thick, or a wooden floor of one or two planks?"

"Ah, that's worth considering," Rutherton replied. "Then you think the sound came up from below? There is no room below this, however: only the college gateway."

"And that has a solid ceiling, much admired by connoisseurs in stone carving," retorted the other. "But above this"—and he pointed to the ceiling of the chamber—"there is only a wooden floor. The sound comes from there."

All acknowledged that this was more probable; so in a body they passed out into the passage, and ascended the steep, winding wooden stairs that led to the floor above. They knocked at the door, and entered.

No, they were disappointed. The only occupant of the chamber was its usual tenant, a student whose name was Ferrand, who had been two years at the university, and bore a good character among all the authorities. Among his fellows he was regarded as rather a book-worm, though those who knew him well asserted that he was exceedingly good company when he liked to exert himself to amuse.

"Very glad to see you," said Ferrand, shutting up the book he had been reading. "A rather late call, and you seem to be in somewhat overwhelming numbers. But come and sit down; there are chairs enough for us all." And he did the honors of the room in a perfectly unconstrained manner.

Rutherton and the others felt rather foolish. "The fact is," he began, "have you heard any strange noises to-night, Ferrand?"

"Noises!" said Ferrand, in a quick, short way. "What noises? Where?"

"Well, somewhere near where we are standing now," replied Rutherton; and he explained to Ferrand what had caused this sudden irruption into his room.

Ferrand laughed—a hearty, honest-sounding laugh: not in the least like the sound of evil memory. After asking a few questions, he treated the whole matter as the result of excited nerves. "Or

else," he added, "some friend of the porter's may have been indulging in a little revelry with him in the lodge, and, of course, distance would lend, not enchantment, but power to the sound."

So he laughed the event away. And on cooler reflection the others began to feel ashamed of their panic. To redeem their character as bold Britons, they became very noisy and uproarious, and Ferrand aided and abetted them in the most successful manner. He joined in all the merriment, told amusing stories, produced wine and eatables, and proved a charming host. In this way an hour slipped by, and it was by this time nearly one in the morning—the late hours kept by collegians being then, as in the present day, proverbial.

Suddenly Ferrand exclaimed: "But where on earth *did* those sounds you heard come from? I had a dream last night that another murder would be committed in the college. A foolish fancy, you will say. Well, perhaps so. Yet I propose we patrol the buildings, and make a final inspection before going to bed."

All looked uneasy. Rutherton shuddered. "I wish you wouldn't speak in that soul-freezing kind of way, Ferrand. Another murder—impossible! What could put such a fancy into your brain?" Rutherton had by this time forgotten his previous fears.

"A curious fancy, indeed," remarked Elworthy, in his quiet way. "Did you see the murderer's weapon, too, in your dream, Ferrand? I wonder you weren't frightened. What was it like? A dagger, I presume. 'Methinks I see it now!'"

"See it!" said Ferrand, turning suddenly, so as to face the speaker: "where? What do you mean? You must be mad!" And his eye followed Elworthy's, till it rested upon a certain part of the wall, just above the mantelpiece.

"You seem alarmed," said Elworthy, as quietly as before; and rising, he went to the hearth. "This is a peculiar knife; a good stabbing instrument, I should think," and he took it down from its peg on the wall.

"Oh, that!" said Ferrand; "yes, that's a Moorish dagger. Beautifully carved, isn't it? I've had it some time. You really alarmed me at first, Elworthy, by the way you pointed at this weapon."

"Did I?" carelessly replied the other: "I'm truly sorry. But suppose we do as Ferrand suggested, and patrol the college? After which it will be about time

for us to retire, if we intend appearing at morning chapel to-morrow."

They all rose. Leaving the apartment, they went down the steep stairs as they had ascended, in single file, Ferrand staying a little behind, to put out the candles, he said.

Elworthy had got half down the stairs when he remembered that he had left his trencher behind him. He reascended the steps quickly, and was just about to enter Ferrand's room, when through the half-open door a sound reached him—the very same low, suppressed, dreadful chuckle which had been heard before that evening. Elworthy stood half paralyzed. Where did that awful laugh proceed from? It must have come from within. He entered; there was nobody but Ferrand there, who had just put out the candles, and who did not notice his entrance, which had been made quietly.

At the door for a few moments Elworthy stood, wondering whence that sound had issued. Was it his own fancy?—yet he was not given to fancies.

And if his ears had deceived him, surely his eyes could not—for what saw he now? By the light of the fire he saw Ferrand take down the dagger from its place, look at it carefully, then breathe upon it, then rub it vigorously with a handkerchief, then look at it again, then replace it. That was all. That, however, was quite enough for Elworthy, who, with a nameless terror on him, glided out of the door, ran as quickly and noiselessly down the steep stairs as if fire or pestilence were at his heels, and found his fellow-students waiting in the porch. But before he had recovered his breath, or had time to gather his thoughts together, Ferrand joined them and proposed to examine the rooms in the smaller quadrangle. This was at once agreed to. He led the way, and Elworthy could do nothing at present but follow the others and wait for events. Meanwhile he concentrated all his attention on the task of watching Ferrand.

Now let us turn to what happened in that same college a few short hours before. There was one studious undergraduate, a shy and retiring youth of the name of Butler, who occupied the rooms just opposite to those of the dean—that is to say, on the first floor in the big quadrangle. He knew but few of the men of the college, but one of the few who were intimate with him was Ferrand. In fact, the two were great friends, and Butler seems

to have regarded Ferrand, who was older and cleverer and stronger than he was, with a kind of boyish confidence. On no member of the college had the awful event of a few days back produced a more terrifying effect than on Butler. Directly after dinner in hall every evening he retired to his room, securely fastened his door, and did not again emerge till the next morning. Those undergraduates who had talked with him, noticed how his mind seemed to be filled with the subject of the attempted murder. All the details seemed to have a ghastly fascination for him, and one of his acquaintances afterwards related into what a state of nervous terror he had been thrown by a chance suggestion that the assassin might try to find another victim within the walls of the same college.

At about ten o'clock on that evening he was sitting in his room with the door securely "sporting," and some author open before him on the table, when he was startled by a gentle tapping. He listened for a minute—and even such an ordinary event threw his nerves into a state of tremor—then approached the door and asked who was there. A well-known voice replied; and now, his doubts and fears removed, he opened the door, and admitted Ferrand.

"Still studious!" said the new comer, entering. "Upon my word you ought to take more care of your delicate brain. I have come to rouse you—to look after your health; so put away your books, and come and sit here before the fire." So saying, he drew an easy chair right in front of the hearth for his host, and took an ordinary chair for himself.

"It's very good of you to look me up," said Butler, "and to think of my health. But you startled me a good deal by knocking at this door."

"Startled you!" said the other. "What, are you still nervous about that wretched affair?"

"I didn't know who it was knocking, you know," explained Butler. "It might have been"—and here he gave an involuntary shudder—"it *might* have been the murderer himself outside."

"Do I look like a murderer?" answered Ferrand laughing—a clear, unbroken, open laugh, while his eyes glanced and glittered as if with merriment. Certainly he did not look like the ordinary vulgar notion of the secret assassin.

Butler was now sitting in the armchair. Despite the comfortable seat, and the blazing fire in front of him, and the pres-

ence close at his side of his trusted friend, he did not seem at his ease. Looking suddenly round at Ferrand he asked, "Why do you keep your hand in your coat like that?"

Ferrand's coat was buttoned tight. It was a great coat, and his right hand was buried deep in the inside pocket of it; a harmless position enough, one might imagine.

"Why not?" he answered, carelessly; "it's a way I have. But how nervous you are to-night, old fellow! Shall I sport your oak for you? Then you *must* be quite safe."

"No, no, don't do that," said Butler.

But Ferrand had already left his seat and closed the outer door with a reverberating slam. Then he shut the inner door and walked back to his place; he again took his seat on his chair; he noticed that Butler was nervous, and he set himself to amuse and beguile him with talk. He told him story after story, interesting, racy anecdotes, and was gradually exerting his potent spell over his host; he drew his own chair closer to the armchair in which Butler was reclining; he put his hand on his shoulder, and—

Who can tell what induced Butler at this moment to rise from his seat? Some sudden wave of mental foreboding, perhaps it was. Whatever the cause, he rose, and walked slowly to the door—opened it—opened the outer oak—

"What are you doing?" shouted Ferrand.

"I'm just going to see if the dean is in his room," said Butler.

"Oh—all right; don't be long; I've something to say to you," returned Ferrand; and he heard Butler knock at the dean's door just opposite.

Ferrand may have been disappointed at this exit. If he was, he did not show it by any violent signs. At any rate, he was now by himself in the room; that was one advantage, and he knew Butler would soon come back. He looked carefully round. Nobody there. Then he thrust his right hand still deeper into his coat, and slowly drew from the breast of it a small but deadly instrument—the little Moorish dagger that two hours afterwards was hanging above his fireplace. Did he always carry this ugly-looking "plaything" about with him? Or what was its use now? He held it in the ruddy glare of the fire: there were one or two dull places on the blade; he wiped it on his sleeve—but the spots would not come

out. He felt the edge and the point; he was satisfied, and broke the stillness of the untenanted chamber by a grim and ghastly chuckle of delight. Low, unearthly, diabolical was that laugh of his; it rose fitfully, and fell again; it swelled into a ghastly paroxysm of joyless merriment, then subsided; it hardly stirred his features, nor could it add to the fiery, gleeful sparkle of his eye. The dean's door meanwhile had opened again, and Butler was crossing the narrow passage to his room. Ferrand had just time to thrust back his dagger into its hiding-place.

"Ferrand! Are you here?" shouted Butler, on the threshold, without entering.

"Of course I am," answered the other.

"What on earth — did you hear some one laughing — a most peculiar sound?"

"Come and sit down again!" said Ferrand; "upon my word you will make *me* nervous. Come and sit down again in your chair — shut the door first; is it right? Now, sit in your armchair again — we'll listen for the noise together. What was it like?"

"Oh, dreadful!" said Butler, seating himself once again in his chair. "I can't describe it. It sounded like a madman's laughter."

"I am rather good at imitating different people," said Ferrand. "Was the laugh something like this?" And again — was he jesting? — he broke into that unearthly and monotonous chuckle. Butler looked at him in horror. He sat up in his chair, and gazed with fascinated yet dilated orbs at the unlaughing lips that were uttering such fearful sounds — at the eyes that were sparkling with a light that was not the light of mirth.

"Ferrand!" he tried to shout — he could only whisper: "What does this mean? What — what are you doing?"

III.

It was quite three hours later that the group of collegians, among whom were Rutherton and Elworthy, was starting under Ferrand's guidance on its tour of inspection round the college to see that all was safe. I will not linger over this part of the story: the dreadful narrative draws near its close. Suffice it to say that after visiting several rooms, and finding no cause whatever for alarm, most of them began to consider that they had done enough for the protection of their fellow undergraduates, and the band of volunteer watchmen was about to disperse,

when Ferrand suggested that they had not yet been near the dean's room — perhaps it would be as well to see to his safety. The fancy tickled the others, inasmuch as the dean might be supposed to be the guardian of the collegians, rather than the collegians of the dean; and without thinking twice they started off for the dean's staircase. Arrived at his room, however, they found his outer door closed, so they hardly considered that it would be advisable to rouse him from slumber. But the opposite door was standing half open, though all was dark within, and at the suggestion of somebody — who it was, was not remembered afterwards — they turned away from the dean's room and finished their evening's search in the chamber which *had* been that of Butler.

The room was quite dark, the fire having gone out long before. The part just near the entrance was dimly illumined by the rays of the passage lamp; but the further end — near the fireplace — was in complete obscurity. One of the party felt his way to the mantelpiece in order to strike a light, while the others stood at the door.

"Don't tumble over the armchair," was Ferrand's warning.

"Armchair? Where is it? I can see nothing in this pitchy blackness," replied the voice from near the fire.

"Just in front of the fire," answered Ferrand.

"How do you know where the armchair is?" said Elworthy.

"Oh, I'm a friend of Butler's, I know his room," Ferrand rejoined, with apparent carelessness.

"You seem to," remarked Elworthy; and as he said this his eyes met those of Ferrand; they looked at each other for a moment, and Ferrand's eyes dropped.

"You haven't been here, once before to-night, have you, Ferrand?" Elworthy asked quietly.

"What do you mean?" Ferrand was rejoining fiercely, when the pioneer suddenly struck a light, having steered his way safely to the mantelpiece where the tinder-box was kept, and holding the piece of lighted paper over his head, took a survey of the room. Only for one moment, however, for the next he gave a slight cry, dropped the light, and rushed to the door, leaving the room in its previous condition of darkness.

"What is it? What did you see?" were the questions eagerly shouted out by the others, as all crowded round him.

"Don't go in! Don't go in!" he half

screamed. "He's there; he's there—in the chair!" and he forced his way out into the passage, through the group of his comrades, who, now thoroughly terrified, were not slow to follow. There they stood, just outside the door, with all kinds of horrible fears coursing through their minds, not knowing if the next instant an assassin might not spring out on them from the darkened chamber.

But the assassin was not within.

"What cowards you men are!" suddenly exclaimed Ferrand; and rushing into the room, he found his way to the hearth, and the next minute stood with a lighted candle in his hand, gazing fixedly down on the few square feet just in front of the fire.

There was an armchair there; and in it was Butler; and Butler was quite dead.

The others gradually took heart to enter. They saw Ferrand standing silent near the hearth; they came slowly forward to the front of the chair, and—then they, too, saw what was in it. Young and strong as they were, you might see the cheek blanch and the hand tremble as they looked at each other, awestruck and horrified, overwhelmed by the terrible doom inflicted, as if by some invisible power of evil, on one who so lately had been one of their living comrades. Elworthy alone—though at the dread sight his face, too, turned pale—Elworthy alone preserved presence of mind; he was occupied in observing Ferrand. Ferrand was standing, as he stood from the first, gazing down on the murdered youth, with fixed, unswerving gaze. The horrified exclamations of the others did not move him; he seemed not to be conscious that anybody was present.

"What do *you* think of it?" asked Elworthy, quietly.

Ferrand did not seem to hear the question. But he must have heard it; for in a moment more he answered, in an absent, self-contained kind of way: "Think of it? Think of it? Who would have dreamt that he would look so pale? Only three hours ago! he might have been dead a week!"

Elworthy started forward, and caught him by the arm. "Only three hours ago! What do you mean! Before Heaven, I believe that *you* killed him!"

Strange to say, Ferrand did not seem to heed the accusation; but he still stood gazing, as if his senses had been petrified and his intellect benumbed by that dread spectacle. Mechanically his lips moved. Slowly the import of the last words that

had been uttered must have made itself intelligible, at least in some dim, unconscious way, to his brain; for in a few moments, without taking away his riveted gaze from the chair, he said,—

"Who says that I killed him?" and then stopped.

It was impossible for Elworthy at that moment to know whether he was addressing a being conscious enough to understand the accusation that had been made against him—or whether the mind was far away. He saw, at all events, that Ferrand did not then fully realize the gravity of the charge, or the perils of his own position, and was more likely to betray the truth in such a condition of mind than if he were rudely awakened from his trance. So, altering his tone, he said in a low, soothing voice, but carefully watching the effect of his words,—

"Poor Butler! poor fellow! Why doesn't he wake up?"

"Why doesn't he wake up? Yes, why doesn't he wake up?" echoed Ferrand, dreamily. Then, looking closer at the body, he added: "He is dead, I suppose."

"It was cruel of you to kill him," returned Elworthy, quietly. Then, as he saw that Ferrand did not seem to have quite understood the words, he asked in the same low tones: "Wasn't it cruel to kill him, Ferrand? Why did you do it?"

"Oh," said the other, with a long shudder, "I don't know why I did it. The knife was so sharp—I had had it a long time—it seemed so tempting—" Here he suddenly stopped, and for the first time looked at his interlocutor in a startled, questioning manner, as if to ask: "What have I been saying to you?" He had awoke from his trance; the light of understanding again shone from his eyes; but the secret was out.

"*You* are the murderer," shouted Elworthy; and, retiring a few steps, he shouted to the others: "Don't let him get out—close the door—he did it!"

But before anybody could even attempt to secure the criminal, he had given one frenzied look around, rushed at Elworthy, who barred his passage, and brushing him aside, broke through the ring of the other spectators, out of the room into the passage, and was gone.

"Follow him! follow him!" shouted Elworthy. Little need of exhortation now; for, with what speed they might, all had begun the pursuit; but on arriving at the door leading up to Ferrand's staircase, they found it bolted from the inside. They could afford, however, to wait now;

the murderer was trapped. The secret of Sydney's assassination was discovered: the perpetrator was no longer a mystery—a malignant unknown; he was a wild beast in human form—a raving, furious wild beast—but he was caged at last.

It need hardly be said that the news of the murder, and of the discovery of the criminal, spread like wildfire through the college. Late as it was, not many minutes elapsed before the tutors, the undergraduates, even the old president himself, were gathered on the grass-plot of the little quadrangle, eagerly discussing the exciting events of the night, and the steps which now must be taken.

The dean was the last person among them who had seen Butler alive. He at once told how that evening, somewhere about ten o'clock, Butler had come into his room, and asked some trivial questions with regard to an approaching examination; how he had appeared absent and strange in his manner, and how he showed a disposition to remain after the question that he had come to ask had been answered. The dean said he was rather surprised at his behavior; but that when Butler had left the room and closed the door behind him, he soon forgot the occurrence, attributing the strangeness of his visitor's manner to a natural shyness, which he had before noticed in him.

But events now were hastening on to the conclusion of the tragedy. The windows of Ferrand's room, high up in the tower, were plainly visible from the quadrangle. They could see that the interior of the room was brilliantly lighted up, the reflection showing vividly through the blinds of the apartment, and illuminating the old stone walls. Peals of riotous laughter could be plainly heard proceeding from within—wild, reckless laughter—which proved, if anything were wanted to prove, that the perpetrator of the two outrages was a madman.

The great object now was to secure the culprit. But how was this to be done?

Evidently no time was to be lost. It was feared that Ferrand might set the chamber on fire, or resort to some other desperate expedient to escape capture. A party of volunteers was detailed to break down the outer door leading up to the tower rooms. Willing hands and arms lent themselves to the work. It was clear that the murderer heard the sound of the blows administered to the ponderous woodwork, for from the first moment of their commencement all was silence in that lonely upper chamber. Up to this

time the little crowd gathered on the grass-plot had heard that boisterous laughter, rising now and again on the still air of midnight, muffled and subdued by distance, but still with a peculiar, ghastly intonation of its own. But now the solitary laughter had ceased. At length the old oak door crashed in, and one or two of the leaders in the work sprang through the gap thus made, and rushed up the steep stairs. They half expected to be met with a murderous resistance at the top of the steps, and that the criminal, armed with the strength of madness, would make a desperate struggle before being secured.

But no resistance was made. As they rushed into the room, involuntarily they were arrested on the threshold by the sight which then presented itself. There, in one of the distant corners, near the window, stood Ferrand, apparently utterly unconscious both of their presence and of the approach of danger, fingering the fatal steel which he still held clutched in his hand, and talking and laughing gently to himself. There could be no doubt that he was a maniac. Gradually they drew round, and quickly seized him. He offered no resistance at all, but went on gibbering to himself, with glassy eyes that evidently did not comprehend the import of what was going on around. The dagger was taken from him, and he was conveyed down the stairs firmly secured. No sooner did he arrive at the foot of the tower than he was seized with fearful convulsions. In less than three days he died, after passing through fits of raving delirium, but mercifully allowed to sink into insensibility at the last.

Sydney recovered finally, though his recovery was tedious. He explained, before the coroner's inquest that sat to try the facts connected with this terrible case, the *modus operandi* adopted by Ferrand to lull his victims into security before striking the fatal blow. He said that on the night of the firework display he had gone back to his room, to look for more fuel, and had found his lights already burning, and Ferrand seated in an arm-chair before the fire. He was rather astonished at this, as he had not previously been very intimate with Ferrand, and had, indeed, as he confessed, cared little to make his acquaintance, not being prepossessed with his appearance. But on this occasion, Ferrand made himself most agreeable, and gave some excuse (he forgot what) for his presence in the room, persuaded him to leave the bonfire to

itself, which Sydney was very ready to do, as the fun was really over, induced him to sit down in the armchair, and himself took another chair before the fire. Then he began to tell stories, to laugh and chat in an agreeable manner, till his host thought that he had never before known what a pleasant fellow he was. Finally, he pretended to be interested in a picture on the wall, which hung just above Sydney's head. To look close at it, he drew his chair near to that of his victim, and while Sydney's head was also turned away, looking at the print of which they were speaking, Ferrand had taken that opportunity for the attack upon his friend.

There is no more to be told. The matter, as far as it could be, appears to have been hushed up; and though of course it produced a great sensation in the city and university at the time, only meagre accounts found their way into the metropolitan journals of the day.

Although we naturally look upon such a character with terror and loathing, it is almost needless to add the remark that only in a state of complete mental derangement could a man imagine the perpetration of a succession of crimes so purposeless. Perhaps it would have been better to have let the events I have described sleep still in their forgotten chronicles, and drop quietly out of human memory. But I thought that the interest which the discovery and the tracing of this long-past tragedy awoke in the mind of its narrator might possibly find a slight reflection in the reader of these pages.

From Temple Bar.

BRANTÔME.

In the early years of Louis XIII. there was still surviving in the Dordogne an old man who had lived through the most stirring period of the many religious wars in France—who had known Charles V. and his rival Francis I.; who had been familiar with the court of the house of Valois, and their mother Catherine of Medicis; who had accompanied Mary Stuart on her return to Scotland; had seen and admired Elizabeth of England, the only fault of whose character, in his opinion, was the usage of her cousin; who had been intimate with all the Guises; who believed in the consummate wisdom of Philip II., and was enthusiastic in his admiration of Margaret of Valois, to whom he ascribed every grace

and every virtue. He had conversed with those who had been present at the greatest battle of the sixteenth century, the battle of giants—the fight of Marignan—when the terrible Swiss pikemen suffered their first defeat, though they retired in good order, none daring to follow them, and their conquerors hardly believing in the victory which they had won. He had talked with men who had taken part in that horrible sack of Rome, which thrilled the Christian world from one end to the other. In his youth and middle age he had shared in all the wars of the League, till nigh upon the death of Henry III. For, when the two Guises had been murdered, and the old queen soon followed them, he lost his patrons and friends and retired from the French court. During the residue of his life, which was prolonged for twenty-four years after these events, he busied himself in writing memoirs of his contemporaries, in quarrelling with his family, in comparing his merits with his fortunes, in glorifying the nobility of his ancestry, and in dwelling on the scenes of his past activity. Few writers of French memoirs have given a more lively picture of the age in which he lived, and none in one particular have been more scandalous. The old man had an evil reputation, even for that unclean and unchaste age, for the "*Femmes Galantes*" of Brantôme is the naughtiest book that has, perhaps, ever been written even by a French ecclesiastic, and the more particularly because it does not profess to be a satire, or anything else than an account of what the writer thought quite natural, and very general.

Brantôme was the third son of the Vicomte de Bourdeille, a Périgord noble, whose family had long been settled in Guienne. There was no part of France in which pride of birth was so general as it was in Guienne, not even in Brittany. The family of Bourdeille pretended a descent from a king of France and a princess of England, king and princess both being as mythical as the Lear of Britain and the Fergus of Scotland. They alleged that before Charles the Great founded the abbey of Brantôme, he took the advice of the lord of Bourdeille, his contemporary and friend. There was no period in the social history of France in which the distinction between noble and ignoble was so pertinaciously, so insolently insisted on, and so patiently endured. And in that district of Guienne, in that age of French life and manners, there was no haughtier aristocrat than Pierre Bran-

tôme. If he does tell a story of men or women who did not belong to the *noblesse*, he makes an apology for introducing the names and the manners of such people into his pages, and for the breach of etiquette which he commits. The large outer and lower world is to work and be commanded, to find the means for the fine gentlemen and ladies who were quartered on them, and to obey their orders without grudge or murmur. There was only one sense in which the noble did not entirely disdain his fellow-countrymen. It was necessary to conciliate the soldier, and not a little of the dash and spirit of the French army in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is to be referred to the interest which the commanders took in their men. This was the secret of the great influence which the Constable of Bourbon had with the forces under his control. This man, the head of the family from which Henry IV. was descended, was offended by Francis I., quitted his service, entered that of Charles V., and was killed at the capture of Rome. His treason was for a time the ruin of his family, and justified, in the eyes of the Guises and the Spanish faction, the resistance which was made to the king of Navarre after the murder of Henry III.

Pierre Bourdeille was destined for the Church. He studied at Paris, and afterwards at Poitiers, and seems to have witnessed the progress of the Reformation in that part of France. The reform of the Church, and even the acceptance of novel doctrine, did not at first provoke an active spirit of persecution. The popes of the latter part of the fifteenth, and the early part of the sixteenth, century, affirmed the pretensions of the thirteenth century, while their morals were worse than at almost any period of papal history. Italians of the most orthodox belief are the authorities for the ill repute of Alexander VI., for the cunning ferocity of Julius II., and the voluptuous scepticism of Leo X. It is very likely that in time the action of the Inquisition would have been directed against opinion in western Europe as it was in Spain, and the severities of the crusade against the Provençals have been renewed against the followers of Luther and Calvin. But the cause which provoked persecution was the alliance of the reformed faith with popular discontent and resistance to secular authority. At first, however, the French Protestants were enjoined by Calvin, the founder of their religion, to strenuously accept the rule of passive obedience.

The revolt of Protestantism was from the pope: it was to acknowledge the authority of the temporal ruler, and to strengthen his hands. Brantôme lived on terms of amity with the Protestant chieftains, and after his own retirement from active life owed a complete immunity from injury, during the time in which the wars of religion had become ferociously vindictive, to the friendships which he had formed in early life with Protestants and Catholics alike.

The second son of the vicomte had received three considerable benefices, but had abandoned them for the profession of arms. It seems that he was able to transfer them to his younger brother. Soon afterwards Henry II. gave the young ecclesiastic the Abbey of Brantôme, just vacant by the death of the Bishop of Lavaur. In his mother's will, dated in May 1557, he is described as the reverend father in God, Messire Pierre de Bourdeille, Abbé de Brantôme. At the same time he obtained a present from the king, and took a journey into Italy, where he became friendly with the Guises. Here he developed his warlike tastes, but for a time returned to his benefices. He remained but a little while in the discharge of such duties as belonged to his office, for in 1560 he became a courtier. Towards the conclusion of the next year he was in the party which accompanied Mary Stuart to Scotland, and it is to Brantôme that we owe those particulars of her grief at leaving France which are given in all the histories of her career. One would have wished, indeed, that our author had been more full in his description of her costume, when he says that her beauty was conspicuous even when she was "*habillée à la sauvage, à la barbaresque mode des sauvages de son pays.*" Brantôme tells us that on the first night of her arrival, she was serenaded by Psalm tunes, with a most villanous accompaniment of Scotch music, and he adds naturally enough, "*Hé, quelle musique! et quel repos pour sa nuit.*" The next morning an attempt was made, we are informed, to murder her almoner, who only escaped by flying with all speed to her chamber. We learn, on the same authority, that Buchanan, who afterwards drew up the narrative which justified her deposition, had been a monk of the Cordeliers in Paris, that he apostatized to the reformed religion, and was saved from the stake only by the intercession of Mary. Brantôme, too, alleges that she could not have been enamored of Bothwell, since this

personage was the ugliest and coarsest man he had ever seen. On his return to France through England, Brantôme visited the court of Elizabeth, and admired her nearly as much as he did her rival. Several years afterwards he saw Elizabeth again, and observes of her, that there was no woman of his time who preserved her good looks so long as the English queen did.

Brantôme retained his benefices to the end of his days, though the five-and-twenty years of his middle age were devoted to military pursuits. He did not, however, till very late in his career, obtain any military rank, and for twenty years he went by his ecclesiastical title. The fact is, the custom of appropriating ecclesiastical offices to persons who were merely laymen, or ecclesiastics only in name, became a regular part of the relations of the crown of France to the Gallican Church, and was no small cause of the horrible dissoluteness of the French hierarchy, and the total ruin which came over the whole system at the Revolution, when nobles and clergy alike were proscribed and despoiled.

The Church in France, especially the regular or monastic clergy, was enormously rich. Its estates were, in theory at least, inalienable, and therefore constantly grew, as the piety and superstition of ages bestowed lands and revenues on the monastic orders. The monks were pre-eminently at the service of the pope, and the pope favored them at the expense of the parochial or secular clergy. Hence, apart from the estates which they acquired, they got possession of those lucrative sources of mediæval income, the payments for ecclesiastical services, and the oblations made at occasional functions. The receipts of a particular altar, the offerings at some highly revered shrine, were often the most valuable perquisites of a religious house, and unless the monks were belied, they did not scruple to improve their incomes by practising on the religious fervor or fears of the people. There was a strange trade in relics, and speculation in such commodities which, despite the prohibitions of the pope, was as real as that of the tulip mania in Holland, and infinitely more enduring. It is true that the pope denounced these transactions as simony, but the trade went on. Thus the pious king St. Louis was exceedingly anxious to get possession of the crown of thorns, then the property of Baldwin, the Latin

emperor of Constantinople, who, being in great straits for money, had pledged it to the Venetians. The Venetians were willing to surrender the pledge for a profit, for these traders of the Adriatic preserved a very calm and business-like judgment in the midst of prevalent superstitions. But St. Louis, though he was by no means disposed to yield to the proudest popes in matters which referred to his own kingdom, and never failed to discover the difference between a pontiff's zeal and a pontiff's ambition, was sensitive to any charge which might fairly be brought against him for disobeying the standing orders of the Church. The only way out of the difficulty was an arrangement. The Venetian Senate made the king a present of the crown of thorns, and the French king made the Venetian Senate a present of a large sum of money. It is said that France already possessed a crown of thorns; we are not told what became of the older relic. But we owe the most exquisite gem of thirteenth-century architecture to this transaction, the Sainte Chapelle. By a singular irony, the crown and the chapel were somehow connected with the Paris lawyers.

The pope had a strong interest in the wealth of the monastic orders. As an Italian prince he ruled over a small territory, and that the poorest in Italy, north and south of Rome. The once fertile Campagna, and the still more fertile Etruria, this side of the Apennines, were desolated by malaria. It had become, in some strange way, death for even an Italian to sleep a single night in summer or autumn unguardedly, in a region which once was full of cities and population. Rome did not like to be taxed, indeed could not easily be taxed, and as it was all-important for the pope to be popular in Italy it was not easy to tax the Italian cities. But the pope was of necessity the greatest diplomatist, in fact the only diplomatist of mediæval Europe, and diplomacy is the most costly of the services when the agency is on a very large scale. Hence the funds must be obtained by foreign tribute. It does not appear that the tribute was in itself repudiated, for, apart from the reverence felt for the see of Rome, he is a very poor judge of history who does not see that much of the action of the papacy was beneficent, and that it saved Europe in no small degree from falling back into sheer barbarism. Hence the pope put the greatest strain on the spiritual allegiance

of his remoter subjects in order to carry on his government. The northern nations resented the imposts, and first grumbled and then revolted. The western nations determined on bringing the pope to terms, and the two kings of France and Spain established a concordat with the pope. Italy alone, who got all the indirect profits of the Roman Church, took no part in the business.

We have referred to what may seem to our readers a rather dull part of long-ago politics — it is not after all so long ago — in order to show how, in the sixteenth century, a fighting dignitary of the French Church was a very natural phenomenon to his contemporaries, and no scandal to friend or foe. We have no doubt become very scrupulous and very proper, and even are obliged to condemn, though very gently, a good fellow, who, having become a colonial bishop, after having been a skilful surgeon, and having been, moreover, a genuine missionary, did, when his little settlement was attacked by a horde of bloodthirsty savages, take part in defending the women and children by means of a skill which in his earlier days he had gained in the use of the rifle. It is difficult to see how anybody, bishop or not, could have helped doing service in such a crisis, and it is quite certain that the most secular person conceivable would have been, at least in the nineteenth century, very glad to have been saved the necessity of making up his mind on the subject. Brantôme, three centuries ago, had no scruples, for that reverend father in God has left us a very edifying treatise on the use and importance of the duel. And when after middle age had come on him, Brantôme retired to his benefices, he cast very lingering looks back on his old fighting days, when the cassock was very comfortable underclothing for body armor, and a stout breviary might be very serviceable in stopping a musket-ball.

The king of France wanted money, and the pope wanted it too. Now there were only three sorts of people out of whom the money could be got, the peasants, the merchants, and the clergy. The first were squeezed pretty dry. The second were the veriest eels imaginable, and slipped through the tightest grip. The third were opulent, succulent, and utterly destitute of agility. They were to be sure the best friends of both pope and king, but these potentates doubtlessly argued that the principal use of a friend was to use him. We know how Henry VIII.

treated his ecclesiastical friends, how he turned them adrift, sold their goods, pulled down their houses, and provided the English landscape with a great variety of picturesque ruins. Northern Europe soon followed his example, but it was more convenient for southern Europe to come to an arrangement. So the "big booby," Francis I., as his good *beau-père* Louis XII. called him, made a bargain with Pope Leo, the most splendid of the popes, and probably the most unorthodox. And, in a few words, the bargain was that the pope was to get the first year's income of all benefices, and the king was to give the benefices to whom he would. And this is how it came to pass that Brantôme became, to no reasonable person's astonishment, a fighting parson, a cassocked noble, and a reverend compiler of very naughty stories. Even the pope took no offence at his doings, when the popes, during the early days of the Jesuits, were very much in earnest, for Brantôme in his military capacity was a special favorite of his Holiness, who sent him in his character of soldier to the Knights of Malta.

Brantôme stoutly defends the arrangement. The elections to bishops and abbots by chapters of canons and gatherings of monks, was, he assures us, perfectly scandalous. The chosen of these motley electors, he avows, were trumpety people, who owed their elevation to intrigue, and disgraced their offices by gluttony and debauchery. Besides, they were apt not to be gentlemen, in Brantôme's sense of the word, people without quarterings, with no pretensions to far-off relations of consanguinity or conversation with Charlemagne. It is in connection with the great superiority of the system by which the crown nominated serviceable people to such offices that our friend tells us how his abbey, thanks to old companionship with Huguenot partisans, escaped ravage during the later wars of religion in France. It is most likely that military tastes and military experiences were nearly the sole bond of union between Frenchmen in the sixteenth century. One can quite understand how this middle-aged and very secular divine met the roving bands of the reformed party, welcomed them to the best of his abbey or his castle, and escaped further injury beyond that which their hunger or their thirst put upon him, by telling stories of his adventures in Italy and Malta; by dwelling on his regrets that he missed being with Don John at Lepanto, or his

still more poignant grief that he never had the chance of taking part in the famous sack of Rome in the heyday of the Constable of Bourbon, when it was difficult to decide which committed more enormities or collected more plunder — the heretics of northern Germany, which, orthodox as he was, Charles V. found to be his most serviceable soldiers, or the pious Spaniards, against whose faith no breath of suspicion could possibly be uttered, though their works were rather incongruous.

The concordat which Francis I. effected with Leo X. had very marked and very permanent results. It produced the purely secular person, who bore an ecclesiastical title, but was understood by most people to be somehow or the other a clergyman. He was on the whole a very evil and shocking phenomenon, especially in the eighteenth century, for he certainly seemed to make it his business to disabuse every one of the notion that, because he was called an *abbé*, he was thereupon under any moral obligation whatever. But besides, it produced the political ecclesiastic of France, the race which for convenience' sake one may say began with Richelieu, went downward through Mazarin, was utterly degraded in the person of Dubois, was for a while respectable when it was associated with that of Fleury, and perhaps sank to its lowest in the right reverend father in God, Talleyrand, once Bishop of Autun, and afterwards prince of the Empire, the Restoration, and the Monarchy of July.

Our readers will perhaps excuse a digression and a story about Talleyrand, which has probably never been told, but for which the writer can vouch. When Talleyrand, a young bishop, but a very old sinner, found France too hot to hold him, during the second period of the Revolution, he fled to England, and, having adequate introductions, was befriended by Bentham. Thence, as we all know, he went to the United States, and as soon as order, or at least safety to all, including himself, was restored in France, he returned home, made himself useful, and rose to great secular dignities, having been, as he avowed, when charged with political perfidy, consistently faithful to every constitution and every dynasty, as long as it could maintain itself. Many years afterwards he visited England in an official capacity, and called upon Bentham, who was then a very old man. Bentham

invited him to dinner, at one of those banquets of his in which the number of guests was strictly limited to four persons, and Talleyrand came.

Now Bentham had in his garden a house which it was believed that Milton had inhabited when he was Latin secretary to Cromwell. The fact was duly notified by a marble tablet, and it was Bentham's custom to make any new guest, on walking round his garden, do becoming reverence to the memory of Milton. He had probably forgotten who Talleyrand had been, and had not troubled himself with learning what he had become. So he bade his guest go through the homage, which was duly performed. It is not easy to conceive a more ludicrous ceremony than the spectacle of a great French diplomatist, with a game-leg, going down on his knees at the bidding of an ancient and sage recluse, before a marble tablet commemorating the career of an Englishman of whom not one Frenchman in a thousand has ever heard the name, and not one in a million could by any possibility understand. But Talleyrand submitted.

To return to the development of the concordat. As it produced the secular *abbé* and the political ecclesiastic, so it was not without its compensations. At a time when the religious lethargy of Europe was well nigh universal, France was the centre of a great religious revival. It is the fashion to speak of Port Royal as the antagonist of the Jesuits; it was quite as much or even more the antagonist of the secularized clergy, though it naturally attacked what it understood to be the lax morality, and the furtive compliances of the Jesuit fathers. The liberties of the Gallican Church found a strenuous defender in Bossuet, who was at the same time a zealous and, as some say, a not over-fair polemic against every form of the Reformation. It is, moreover, not a little singular that when the rest of Europe was, as far as practical benevolence is concerned, almost absolutely asleep, when the shallow sentimentality of Sterne, and the nauseous sentimentality of Rousseau were the highest levels of most men, French ecclesiastics silently founded solid and enduring charities — charities which have survived that cataclysm which has made old France as archaic as the age of the Pharaohs or the Cæsars.

Quite apart from his merits as an observer and a writer, who understood from his point of view that about which he was

writing, and who could treat his subject with no little vivacity and irony, Brantôme is singular from the attitude which he takes towards men and events. The world in his mind is divided first into the noble and the ignoble. The latter he entirely eschews. If he tells a story about it, he makes an humble apology for introducing a boor for a moment into good company. He is so conscious of the solecism, that he feels it necessary to make the flavor of his story more pungent, as the actors in the narrative are humble. His next division is into Frenchmen and foreigners. He does not entirely disdain Italians and Spaniards, for he thinks that every French gentleman should know their language, and he is proud of friendships which he had formed among the other two Latin races. But the rest of the world is nothing to him. No Greek, when he called any one who was not of the Hellenic race a barbarian, was more comprehensive than Brantôme in his disdain for all humanity which is not Gallican. His memory is tenacious and fairly accurate about events in French history, but he jumbles everything together when he writes about anything which happened in any country where Frenchmen were not campaigning, or French interests did not prevail. It is almost inconceivable to us, that a man who took so considerable a part in the events of the time, and who gave so much observation to the actors in the drama which was before his eyes, should have stated that the expedition of the Spanish Armada was intended to liberate Mary Stuart from her prison. Yet he gives us, perhaps, the most accurate account of Mary's execution, for he had heard the particulars from her French attendants, who came home after that first precedent had been given for the judicial execution of monarchs, for, if we except Conradin of Naples, Mary Stuart was the first royal personage who was publicly executed. But Mary had been queen of France.

Frenchmen have not refused to imitate other nations, and to avow that they are imitating them. But they always think that they improve that which they imitate, and that those whom they imitate ought not merely to be satisfied with what they are doing, but to be profoundly impressed with the condescension which this imitation implies. It is just the same with their behavior to Frenchwomen. No human being is so polite to a woman with his hat as a Frenchman is, and none so little consid-

erate in his heart. Is it possible that the reader has ever journeyed over sea to Marseilles, and failed to notice the courtesy of the French male passenger on the steamboat to his countrywomen? His behavior is absolutely impeccable, his courtesies are well-bred and incessant. But when they all reach that detestable harbor, if the Frenchwoman was Venus herself, and Pallas to boot, and wanted to get a carriage to catch the train, even though she had told her polite and considerate *compagnon de voyage* that she was hurrying to the deathbed of her father or mother, or only child, he would seize the first cab he could catch for himself, and if she got there at all, would force her into the worst place in the railway carriage. The most unobtrusively well-behaved man towards women is, paradox as some of our readers may think it, a really well-bred American.

But the best of all men in Brantôme's eyes is the soldier. He tells us that Catherine de Medicis devised a most intricate dance, so elaborate and difficult that everybody was puzzled as to how order could be got out of the confusion. To the delight of the spectators, however, the figure was completed after an hour's exercise, and the ladies presented the king, the queen-mother, and others, with divers articles of plate, in which the characteristic products of the great provinces of France were represented in enamel, as the oranges of Provence, the corn of Champagne, and the vines of Burgundy. But for Guienne the symbol was "*les gens de guerre; grand honneur certes pour la Guienne*," as Brantôme characteristically exclaims. In his eyes war is the true, the only business of the gentleman, and any man of rank, who preserves his reputation for courage under all circumstances, is excused every fault in consideration of his military virtues. He may turn traitor to his country and inflict on it serious evils, but his valiancy is a sufficient excuse. He may rouse and carry on a series of civil wars, each in turn more vindictive and more ferocious than its predecessor, but if he be fearless and resolute, all his deeds are to be condoned. As royalty and nobility are in Brantôme's eyes impeccable, so the heroic soldier is absolutely above criticism.

Brantôme expresses unqualified admiration not only for Charles V. of Germany, but for his son Philip of Spain. The real virtues of Louis XII., one of

the best French monarchs, are touched on slightly, while the restless and mischievous activity of Francis are everywhere lauded. Nor does Brantôme discover how considerable was the political genius of Henry II., how much France lost by his accidental death, and how great was the relief to her neighbors. But he has the highest admiration for the two last princes of the house of Valois, the worst monarchs, perhaps, Louis XV. excepted, who ever ruled in France. His praise of the French queens and princesses is equally unbounded. In his eyes Catherine de Medicis was as good as she was wise, the best of wives, mothers, and rulers, who trained her children to virtue, and governed Frenchmen with justice, who knew nothing of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and was wholly guiltless of stimulating the sanguinary wars of religion. But his special admiration is increased for Margaret of Valois, the first wife of Henry IV. It does not appear that Brantôme bore arms against her husband, for the *abbé* had retired from active life some time before the assassination of Henry III., though he had been the comrade of the Guises in the earlier religious wars. In his narrative Margaret is the most beautiful, the cleverest, the most virtuous, the most religious, and most pious woman of her age, whose character was shamefully vilified, whose genuine deserts were met by calumny and persecution. On her behalf Brantôme assailed the Salic law, and proved to his own satisfaction that the best thing for France would be to recognise the last scion of the great house of Valois as heir to the French throne. Not indeed that he was hostile to Henry IV., of whom as usual he speaks with admiration, but he was entirely enthusiastic on behalf of Margaret, though it is impossible that he could have been ignorant of her character, and of the part that she played during the last ten years of Henry III.'s reign.

Perhaps the most striking instance of Brantôme's sympathy with soldiers, whatever their career may have been, is his eulogy on the Constable de Bourbon, as the circumstances which gave a turn to Bourbon's history are only a specimen of the scandals which were common in that age. Charles de Montpensier had married the heiress of the Duke of Bourbon, and had been made constable of France on the accession of Francis. His wife was sickly; and her only child was very

feeble. They both died; and Charles, who had become the richest and most powerful noble in France, and was the first prince of the blood after the reigning family, was also the most eminent captain of his age, for he had commanded the van of the French army at the famous battle of Marignan. The king's mother, Louisa of Savoy, proposed herself to him as a second wife; but he rejected her advances with coarse contempt; and she, it is said, resolved to ruin him. In concert with her creature, Duprat, she assailed the title of the estates which the constable possessed, and under different pretexts she succeeded, at least, in procuring the suspension of all his official income. The duke did not hesitate on the course which his anger suggested. He was fond of telling the story of a Gascon gentleman whom Charles VII. asked whether any cause could shake his loyalty, and who answered, "*Non pas l'offre de votre royaume, mais bien un affront de votre part.*" He instantly entered into negotiations with the kings of England and Spain, with a view to the dismemberment of France, offering to secure Charles V. the possession of Burgundy and the residue of eastern France, to surrender western France to England, provided he were allowed to possess central France as an independent sovereign. How the plot was discovered, and Bourbon, feigning himself sick, succeeded in escaping to the emperor; how he became a partisan leader of Spanish adventurers and Lutheran *Landsknechts*; how he won the battle of Pavia for Charles, and died while engaged in the sack of Rome, is told in all histories.

Brantôme has not a word to say in reprobation of this treason—the most scandalous, perhaps, in French history, as the sack of Rome was the most wanton act in those times of violence, for the capital of Christendom was pillaged merely because it was unsuspecting and unprotected, and Bourbon had no other means of paying his soldiers. But Brantôme's hero was the first and most successful soldier of the age, and this was enough. "He had reason, to be sure," says our author, "to be dissatisfied with the emperor, who promised him every and any thing, as long as he was gained; but then this is natural with emperors, kings, and great sovereigns, who, when they want to debauch a man from his allegiance to party, sovereign, or country, promise him mountains of gold, but, when they

have won him, forget their promises, or, at least, elude the fulfilment of them." And then, after giving the story of his career and death, he tells us how he went to see his tomb at Gaeta, and listened to stories about his doings, concluding his narrative with a comparison between the constable and Robert of Artois, whose crimes and intrigues gave Edward III. an entry into France, and excusing both on account of the wrongs which they resented. In short, Brantôme believes that the honor of men and women is guarded, and need be guarded, by no higher principles than their inclinations and their interests, and that, provided men do not lack courage, and women do not forget their rank, they need not be at much pains to pretend to either duty or virtue. The marvel is that so corrupt and debased a society as that which he describes lasted till it went through the tempest of the Revolution, after having been for two centuries the teacher of profligacy to Europe.

The eulogies which Brantôme wrote on the kings, queens, princesses, and captains of his age, and the stories which he told, were carefully corrected by him up to the last years of his life. By his will, which is a most amusing production, full of his characteristic pride, pugnacity, and self-conceit, which he made very long, and in which he says he took for his model the lengthy testament of L'Hôpital, he gives minute directions as to the disposal of his literary works. They are to be found, he says, in five volumes, bound in velvet. The publication of them is to be the first charge on his estate. After some reflections on the integrity of publishers at Lyons and Paris, into whose hands he had determined not to put his books as long as he lived, he directs that they shall be printed in large type, and in a handsome volume, and that care should be taken that the publisher should not suppress his name. "*Autrement*," says he, "*serais frustré de ma part, et de la gloire qui m'est due.*" He adds that the first copy which issues from the press should be bound in velvet, and presented to Queen Marguerite, his most illustrious mistress, who has often done his works the honor of reading them and praising them. But the ex-queen pre-deceased him. Perhaps the most characteristic sentence in his writings is that which appears at the end of his will: "*Je ne doute point que plusieurs personnes ne trouvent ce dit testament par trop long et prolixe. Tel a été mon vouloir et mon plaisir.*"

From Nature.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.*

IN a preliminary notice, which the Royal Society has done me the honor of publishing in the Proceedings, I gave a very short sketch of the work I have done which led me to a reaction whereby hard crystalline carbon has been produced. I have now the honor of laying a detailed account of the methods and results before the society. As far back as September, 1879, I was searching for a solvent for the alkali metals, and tried experiments with many liquids and gases, but invariably found that when the solvent reached the permanently gaseous state chemical action ensued. This was the case even with hydrocarbons, the metal combining with the hydrogen and setting free the carbon. Paraffin spirit, boiling at 75°, was first used in experimenting, and the spirit contained a considerable amount of olefines; but even these unsaturated hydrocarbons seemed to be split up in like manner. The experiments were conducted in thick tubes from 1 to 1.5 milims. internal, and ten to fifteen external diameter, and made of hard glass.

The alkali metal which decomposes the hydrocarbon retains a quantity of pure hydrogen, which may be seen by exhausting it by the Sprengel pump. A piece of sodium was exhausted in the molten state for five hours by the Sprengel pump, and when no more hydrogen had been evolved for an hour, a piece was placed in a tube with paraffin spirit and heated for two hours, and when a considerable quantity of carbon was deposited, as much of it was removed as could be conveniently obtained and again exhausted, when thirty-two times its volume of hydrogen was extracted from it. This was repeated several times, and quantities of hydrogen, varying from seventeen to twenty-five times the volume of the sodium, obtained. The carbon deposited on the tube is of a hard, scaly nature, and when the sodium is slowly oxidized and dissolved in water, some very hard scales of carbon are often obtained. This was then the reaction on which my work was built. As potassium is a metal of stronger affinities I thought that an examination of its action on paraffin would yield somewhat better results, but in this I was disappointed. Sometimes its action was very great, but it seemed to combine with some of the sub-

* On the Artificial Formation of the Diamond. Paper read at the Royal Society by J. B. Hannay, F.R.S.E., F.C.S. Abstract by the author.

stance in the tube, and formed black compounds, having no hard carbon amongst them. Some of the experiments did yield a little, but on the whole it was not so good as sodium. Lithium was next tried, and yielded results which were much more hopeful.

After an account of experiments on gaseous solution the author proceeds. The general result obtained from these experiments was that the solvent power of water was found to be determined by two conditions: 1, temperature or molecular *vis viva*; and 2, closeness of the molecules on pressure, which seems to give penetrative power. From these observations it will be seen that if a body has any solvent action on another and does not act upon it chemically, such solvent action may be indefinitely increased by indefinitely increasing the temperature and pressure of the solvent. In nature the temperature has been at one time higher than we can obtain artificially, and the pressure obtained by a depth of two hundred miles from the surface is greater than can be supported by any of the materials from which we can form vessels. It will thus be seen that, whereas in nature almost unlimited solvent power could be obtained, we are not as yet able to reproduce these conditions artificially. Could pressure alone increase solvent power, then much might be done, but pressure only acts by keeping the molecules close together when they have great *vis viva*, and this latter is only obtained by high temperature.

As glass tubes were quite out of the question when a red heat and very high pressure were required, iron tubes were resorted to, and a series of attempts made to dissolve carbon by various gaseous solvents. The difficulty of closing iron tubes as compared with glass tubes caused me to try various methods, which I shall describe here. Tubes were made of strong hydraulic tubing 20" long, 1" thick, and .5" bore. These were fitted with a plug, screwed with a strong screw fitting very well. There was placed in the tube some powdered charcoal from which all the inorganic matter had been removed by immersion in hydrochloric and hydrofluoric acids and washing with water, and then sufficient paraffin spirit to fill the tube two-thirds of its volume. The plug was screwed in with a lute composed of silicate of soda and manganese dioxide, but after heating the tube in a reverberatory furnace for four hours it was found to be impossible to remove the plug, so

the end had to be bored out. There was neither liquid nor gas in the tube, the luting having leaked. Another tube similarly filled was fitted with a plug with a copper washer, the end of the tube, plug, and washer being polished, but this also leaked, and no result was arrived at. Baryta, clay, asbestos, and other substances, wet with silicate of soda, were all tried with the same result—leakage. A silver washer kept comparatively tight, but only on one occasion. It was thus seen that screw-closing would give no reliable results, so another method was tried. A ball of iron, fitting the tube tightly, was placed in it after the materials had been introduced. The end of the tube was then narrowed by compression between rollers and turned smooth inside. The iron ball was then drawn up by a wire attached and luted by silicate of soda and fine manganese dioxide. It was expected that the pressure would only serve to make the closing more secure, but, on heating, the iron yielded, and the ball was driven out with a loud explosion. After trying several other methods of closing—outside screwing and filling the mouth with molten metal on the top of a clay plug being amongst them—I came to the conclusion that nothing would suffice but welding up the open end. This has been, when carried out efficiently, invariably successful, and in all my later experiments I have used it alone. It requires great skill on the part of the workman, and it is only one man in a hundred who can perform the operation with invariable success. The furnace used in these experiments was a reverberatory one, 6 feet long (internal measurement) and 2 feet broad; fire-place, 15 inches; bridge, 9 inches; hearth, 4 feet. The roof sloped down towards the flue, and the spent gases had exit at the level of the hearth, thus carrying the flame down as it receded from the fire, in order to have the hearth of one temperature. The walls were 13 inches thick, and the roof formed of four-inch fire-clay covers.

Three tubes, 20" \times 1" \times .5" bore, were filled as follows:—

- | | | |
|-----|------|---|
| No. | I. | 3 grms. sodium, three-fourths full paraffin spirit. |
| " | II. | " " two-thirds full paraffin spirit. |
| " | III. | " " three-fifths full paraffin spirit. |

On heating them in the reverberatory furnace, No. I. exploded before a visible

red heat had been obtained, so the temperature was not allowed to rise any higher, and Nos. II. and III. allowed to lie for four hours and then slowly cooled. On being bored open next day, No. II. contained a little scaly carbon, but No. III. contained almost none, and nearly all its liquid had been converted into gas, which rushed out on boring it open. It was noticed by the workmen that the inside of the tube was harder to bore than the outside, and I thought, as I found out afterwards rightly, that the iron had been carbonized and converted into steel. It seemed, then, that the free carbon had been taken up by the iron.

An account of a number of preliminary experiments with various tubes here follows. The iron used in making the tubes is what is known as "Lowmoor" iron, a very pure and strong quality, and a portion removed from the interior of a tube which has been used gave, on analysis, 2.17 per cent. of carbon, showing to what an extent carbonization had gone on.

Having obtained results from this process of a kind which showed that diamond was unlikely to be formed by its agency, I reverted to the original idea of solution of carbon in a gaseous menstruum, and from some experiments I had been carrying on with the view of finding some commercial use for "bone oil," I concluded that the distillate from bone oil containing the nitrogenous bases would be most likely to yield such a solvent. Bone oil, the nitrogenous distillate obtained in the manufacture of bone char, and for a plentiful supply of which I am indebted to Messrs. John Poynter and Sons of Glasgow, was distilled, and the portion boiling between 115° and 150° was taken and rectified over solid caustic potash, and latterly over sodium. When satisfied that it was free from moisture, oxygen, and sulphur, a tube, $2.75'' \times 20'' \times .5''$ bore, was three parts filled, and some charcoal powder added, and the whole welded up solid. I found that the nitrogenous liquid was even worse to work with than the hydrocarbon, as on coming into contact with the hot iron it burnt it away at once, and as the tube was of great diameter it was extremely difficult to keep the lower part cool. For welding it had to be arranged so that it was standing in a tub of ice, and the top projecting through the bottom of the forge, and heated until it was at a welding heat, with as little delay as possible. When a tube was obtained welded up solid it was heated to a dull red heat for fourteen

hours and allowed to cool; on opening the tube there was a very great outrush of gas, and the carbon was to a certain extent dissolved, and some minute portions of it very hard. Still, under the microscope it presented little difference in appearance from the wood charcoal employed, some of the features, however, being obliterated, and it had a bright appearance. Another tube of the same dimensions and contents was closed up in the same manner, but after eight hours' heating it burst with a loud explosion. I had noticed that a tube which had been once used and been partially carbonized would not stand a second heating, and for this reason I had no belief in the power of cast-iron or steel to withstand the great pressure at a red heat. Nevertheless, as many of my friends had urged upon me to try these materials, I had a cast-iron tube made, $3.75'' \times 24'' \times .75''$ bore, and filled two-thirds of its volume with bone-oil distillate and carbon, and then welded up. We succeeded after a little trouble in making a good weld, and the tube was then slowly raised to a dull red heat in the furnace. It had not been heated for more than an hour when it exploded with a great noise, and knocked down the back and one of the ends of the furnace, leaving the whole structure a wreck. The tube had broken into small fragments, and was quite unlike the malleable iron tubes which generally tore up. Thinking that it was perhaps a bad casting, I tried another, but it leaked all over, and emptied itself before the temperature was nearly up. A third tube of the same material burst like the first, but as I had built up the furnace with large blast-furnace blocks, it was not blown down. Cast-iron being inadmissible, experiments were then made with steel. I had several tubes made of this material by the best firms in the kingdom — made by the three methods, Bessemer, Siemens, and the crucible method — but they had the same faults as cast-iron, although to a less degree. The difficulty in making a good weld in cast-iron and steel tubes makes their employment in such experiments as these a matter of inconvenience. Out of five tubes made of steel, some of which were made of the very toughest material manufactured by Messrs. Cammell and Co., only one held in the substance completely. Three burst in the furnace, and one had leaked by its porosity. The top of the furnace, by the continued shocks of explosions, fell in at the bursting of the last of the steel tubes. The continued

strain on the nerves, watching the temperature of the furnace, and in a state of tension in case of an explosion, induces a nervous state which is extremely weakening, and when the explosion occurs it sometimes shakes one so severely that sickness supervenes. An account of several experiments follows, none of which were, however, successful.

I thought I should either have to abandon the attempt or begin experiments of a very expensive nature, using large tubes and a large furnace, as twenty-inch tubes of a greater diameter than four inches could not be closed when three parts filled—at least by welding. As some of them, however, seemed to stand, I determined to make some further trials with the apparatus I had at my disposal; so another tube, 20" X 4" X 5" bore was filled, using 4 grms. of lithium and a mixture of bone oil, carefully rectified, ninety per cent., and paraffin spirit ten per cent., using these proportions because I had never had any results with a high percentage of bone oil, the tubes so filled having burst. The tube was closed with great difficulty, being three-parts full of liquid, and then heated to a visible red heat for fourteen hours, and allowed to cool slowly. On opening the tube a great volume of gas was given off, and only a little liquid remained. In the end of the tube which had been the upper end in the furnace, the tube lying obliquely, there was a hard, smooth mass adhering to the sides of the tube, and entirely covering the bottom. As I had never obtained all the solids in one piece before, I wished to examine it, and so had the other end of the tube cut off, exposing the hard mass. It was quite black, and was removed with a chisel, and as it appeared to be composed principally of iron and lithium, it was laid aside for analysis. I was pulverizing it in a mortar when I felt that some parts of the material were extremely hard—not resisting a blow, but hard otherwise. On looking closer I saw that these were mostly transparent pieces imbedded in the hard matrix, and on triturating them I obtained some free from the black matter. They turned out to be crystalline carbon, exactly like diamond. I shall describe further on the analyses, etc., but will here go on with the account of my further experiments. Two tubes were filled in the same manner as the last, but one burst on heating, and the other had leaked so that there was no reaction. Two more tubes were prepared, but were spoiled on welding, and on cut-

ting off the carbonized portion the remainder was too short to work. After much trouble three tubes were obtained, well closed, in which the three alkali metals were inclosed with liquid containing twenty per cent. bone oil and eighty per cent. paraffin. All three stood, and, on opening, only the potassium one had leaked to any extent. The results were not good, however, the sodium tube containing only soft, scaly carbon, and the other two very little better. The reaction did not seem to have proceeded in the same manner in the lithium tube as before, as the mass was soft and friable. Still, lithium seemed to yield the best results, so it was adhered to in the further experiments. A list of disasters now awaited me. Eight tubes failed through bursting and leaking, and one of the explosions, when two were being heated together, destroyed a part of the furnace and injured one of my workmen. Besides this, two tubes were spoiled in welding. However, I had four experiments after this, all withstanding the pressure, and in one of these, with ten per cent. bone oil and ninety per cent. paraffin spirit, a small quantity of diamond was found. The contents of this tube were different from the other successful one, being much looser and not in the same hard mass as the first. In another series of six experiments two were at first thought to have been successful, but I afterwards found that one of them was not so, the transparent matter being siliceous, but insoluble in cold hydrofluoric acid, although it dissolved on boiling. The uncertainty and great expense involved in using these forged coils of iron with tubes bored out of the solid induced me to again try steel, and Messrs. Cammell and Co. having prepared some tubes for me, I tried them, but with the same results—they exploded into fragments at a red heat. And herein they are much more dangerous than coiled tubes, because the latter seldom fly into fragments, but just tear open a little. A further unforeseen danger in using steel tubes was discovered. One which had stood the heating very well was being bored, and when the inner skin was cut so that the gas rushed out, the whole exploded, endangering the life of the workman who was boring, but as he was standing at the end of the tube and the pieces flew laterally, he was not hurt. I have performed over eighty experiments, and have only obtained three results of a successful nature. The identification of the crystalline pieces as carbon was easy

enough, but I have been anxious to find whether they are pure carbon or a compound with some other element, and to that end the following experiments were conducted.

A portion of the substance from the first successful experiment was weighed out after it had been freed from all foreign matter adhering to it, and placed in a very small platinum boat made of a strip of thin foil, the ends of which were wrapped round two stout platinum wires which were sealed into a wide glass tube. The carbon particles were transferred to this boat after being weighed, and the tube connected by india-rubber stoppers with an oxygen gasometer on the one side and a series of potash bulbs on the other. The oxygen was dried over solid caustic potash before entering the tube, and again after leaving the potash bulbs. The carbon (14 mgrms.) having been weighed out, the potash bulbs were weighed, and a current of oxygen passed through the apparatus, and the platinum wires connected with a battery strong enough to heat the foil to a bright red heat. After a few minutes the oxygen was stopped and the bulbs weighed, when it was found that they had gained one mgrm. On repeating this operation no gain was found, the moisture having been entirely driven off by the first treatment. The carbon was now placed in the boat, and a slow current of oxygen started, then the bulbs connected and the current made to pass through the platinum until all the diamond had been burned, when the current was stopped and the oxygen allowed to pass for fifteen minutes more, when the bulbs were detached and weighed. They were then reconnected and the gas passed for other ten minutes to find whether all the carbonic acid had been expelled, and reweighed. They weighed 0.2 mgrm. less than before. The numbers were as follows:—

| | | |
|--------------------------------|---------|--------|
| Potash bulbs before combustion | 43.8308 | |
| " " after " | 43.8776 | |
| | | 0.0468 |
| Drying tube before combustion | 26.4294 | |
| " " after " | 26.4328 | |
| | | 0.0034 |
| | | 0.0502 |

This gives a composition of 97.85 per cent. of carbon, which is a pretty fair approximation to pure carbon. However,

to determine whether or not this was the case, some further experiments were tried. A small quantity of the carbon was placed on the platinum boat and burnt in oxygen without any of the gas being allowed to pass out of the apparatus, and the mixed gases so obtained transferred to a eudiometer, and the carbonic acid and oxygen absorbed. It was then found that a residue amounting to about three per cent. of the carbonic acid was left unabsorbed by alkaline pyrogallate solution. This proved to be nitrogen. A blank experiment was done, but it gave only a minute bubble of nitrogen. Another experiment was performed with the following results:—

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------|------------------------|
| Total volume | 183.7 | |
| After absorption of CO ₂ | 148.5 | CO ₂ = 35.2 |
| After " O | 1.1 | O = 147.4 |
| | N | 1.1 |

This plainly shows that nitrogen was present from some cause or another, and as every precaution was taken in transferring the gas from one vessel to another, and as the blank experiment showed nothing, I am inclined to believe that the carbon, or at least some portions of it, contained nitrogen chemically combined. The numbers above given are degrees on the eudiometer tube, and are not more than one-third of a cubic centimetre each. Their exact value was of no consequence in the experiment, and the tube was only calibrated by comparing one part with another, and not with an absolute measure.

From the fact that no diamond was found when nitrogen compounds were absent, and from the fact that the mixed product (for only a portion of the 14 mgrms. was clear diamond) contains nitrogen, I am inclined to believe that it is by the decomposition of a nitrogenous body, and not the hydrocarbon, that the diamond is formed in this reaction. The experiments are, however, too few, and the evidence too vague, to draw any conclusions, as there are even very few negative experiments from which anything can be learned, most of the results being lost by explosion. I intend, when my other work—which I laid aside for the diamond experiments—is finished, to begin a series of experiments on the decompositions of carbon compounds by metals, to find whether a more easily-controlled reaction may not be discovered.

From The Graphic.

"WANTED—A GROOM."

IF—said my friend the rector of Minima Parva, Blankshire—I had been in ignorance that many of our landed proprietors had been compelled to reduce their establishments, through unlet farms and the general depreciation of rents—to say nothing of their having to return to their tenants from ten to thirty per cent.—then I should have discovered it now, through the accident of my having to advertise for a groom. And if I had ever doubted that there was any real agricultural depression at the present time, I should now have been convinced of the fact, from the number of the sons of farmers who applied to me, wishing to make a new start in life without having to emigrate; and coming to me with testimonials of their respectability from their clergymen.

And yet, as you know, my establishment is a humble one. My groom would not have to look after the hunters, and to leave the driving to a coachman; but he would be himself both groom and coachman, and would only have one horse to attend to. This was expressed in my brief advertisement of three lines in the local paper, with the addition that he was to be "a single young man, to live in the house and make himself generally useful." This denoted that he would have to clean knives and boots, bring in wood, coal, and water, and give some assistance to the gardener. Helping to wait at table was not expected of him, nor was there any cow to be milked. Although my advertisement excluded married or middle-aged applicants, yet within six days from its appearance I had received no less than sixty-five letters or personal calls from grooms who would have been glad to take the situation. One poor fellow, out of place for months—apparently through no fault of his own—wrote on his envelope "Speed, speed!" and apologized for not having written until the day after my advertisement appeared. Several of my applicants were from the large establishments of noblemen and county families, and yet they would humble themselves to my service, and not have a soul above the blacking of boots. If, then, I had ever doubted that many large establishments were being reduced, the very effusive response to my modest advertisement would have dispelled the idea.

In such an embarrassment of riches, it was somewhat difficult to make a selec-

tion. But I gave interviews to all who personally called on me, from the chaw-bacon of sixteen who affably grinned at me, to the smart, closely-shaved, dapper man who had been second groom in Lord Blank's stables, and whose services were not required in London this season. Then the letters of the others had to be attended to; but the toil of wading through them was alleviated by their many quaint peculiarities or unconscious strokes of humor. More than one began his letter with "Dear Sir," as though he were on a social equality with me—which, regarding him "as a man and a brother," he may have been; but the bulk of them were very respectful in their epistolary salutation. One or two enclosed their *carte de visite*—in top-boots, livery coat, gloves, cockade in hat—to be returned to their proprietor. One man was evidently a logician, for he began by saying, "Seeing your advertisement, I suppose as you are in want of a Groom. I am in want of a Groom's situation." One man made a dash *in medias res*: "Do you think, sir, as I should suit you?" when I don't know the gentleman from Adam. One man said of himself, "I am of good appearance," and appeared to think this sufficient for a verbal portrait, without the accompaniment of a photograph. Several assured me that they would be of great service to me in my church choir, and one said, "I am a good tenor, and ride nine stone." I wonder that he did not also make his weight a tenner. Many of them favored me with the correct card of their weight, height, and age; and one of them wound up his account of himself in this succinct fashion: "i think your situation would suit me, i am 23, i am 5 ft. 4 in., i am 9 stone 10, I am a cristian." He put a small c, but perhaps he was not a capital Christian.

One man wrote in a somewhat patronizing way, "I should have no objection to take your situation, provided we can come to a satisfactory agreement." Three or four said that they would valet me; thus attending to man and beast, with equal dexterity. I wonder if they would occasionally forget themselves, and hiss when they rubbed down my coat. One or two also said, that in addition to valeting, grooming, riding, driving, clipping, and singeing, they could also attend to my greenhouse and wait at table. These were evidently Handy Billies and Admirable Crichtons. One applicant was of a different complexion, for he professed to be altogether inexperienced in the duties

of groom and coachman, but was willing to be taught. I pictured myself allowing him to be seated on the driver's seat, holding the reins of my sixty-guinea horse, while I sat inside the carriage and delivered my admonitions through the front window. We should come to grief at the first gate-post, even if we had survived till then. One man wrote, "I lived with the two Miss Browns. They are both dead. They was elderly parties." He gave this apparently as the reason for their decease. Another wrote, "I should be very pleased to meat with you," though he evidently did not mean to sit at meat with me. Indeed, the spelling of many of them was pleasingly free from the trammels of ordinary rules; and their letters might be taken as specimens of writers in the pre-School-Board age.

One of them wrote, "My last sitation was simerl to yours." Another, "I am thoroughly experenced in the duites of groome and cocheman," where it was evident that he had not followed the spelling of my advertisement. Another, who was apparently sighing for a situation at "a lodge in some vast wilderness," sounded his trumpet thus, with no uncertain note, "I am very stedy and wants a quiet life, if you wants such a person I wants a comfortable Plase." Another struggled to express himself in proper business language, "Shold my aplaction meet with your aproval I shall be glad to send aney Further piticulers." Another also struggled, under adverse circumstances, to express himself thus: "Sur i under stand that you are in wonts of a Groom and sur I have arnced fore it as Groom and coachman and good milker and gardenr, and can have a good charcter if wonted." I imagine that the word "arnced" stood for "answered." One application that reached me from north Lincolnshire contains a remarkable use of the indefinite article *an*; but it may perhaps be due to the ignorance of the individual, and not to any general local peculiarity: "Der sir, in seen you are in wonts of an groon coachman i am in the wonts of an situation i have been Huste to an riding and driving my mrster will answer aney letters, my mrster is turning His Horses Hout for the sumer, therefore he onley keeps an coachman in the sumer."

From these numerous answers to my advertisement, I conclude that through the reduction of many large establishments from diminished rents and badness of the times, heightened by the heavy expenses of the general election,

there are many servants thrown out of employment, and that where there is one vacancy for a groom there are at least fifty clamoring and eager to fill it. It is evident that there are numerous readers of newspapers who anxiously turn to that portion of the columns of advertisements where, among the diversified and classified "Wants," appear the words, "Wanted, a Groom."

From Nature.

THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

THE Coast Survey steamer "Blake," Commander J. R. Bartlett, U.S.N., assistant Coast Survey, recently returned from a cruise taking soundings, serial temperatures, etc., in the course of the Gulf Stream, under instructions from C. P. Patterson, superintendent Coast and Geodetic Survey, has brought very interesting data in regard to the depths of the western portion of the Caribbean Sea.

The depths and temperatures obtained last year in the "Windward Passage" between Cuba and San Domingo were verified, and a few hauls of the dredge taken directly on the ridge in this passage. The data obtained render it very probable that a large portion of the supply for the Gulf Stream passes through this passage, and that the current extends in it to the depth of eight hundred fathoms. A few lines of soundings with serial temperatures were run from Jamaica to Honduras Bank, *via* Pedro and Rosalind Banks, and it was found that the temperature of 39°·5, obtained at all depths below seven hundred fathoms in the Gulf of Mexico and the western Caribbean, could not enter through this portion of the sea. But the temperature at the depth of eight hundred fathoms on the ridge in the "Windward Passage" between Cuba and Hayti was found to agree with the normal temperature of the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico, viz., 39°·5. Soundings were taken between Hayti and Jamaica, developing a general depth between these islands not exceeding eight hundred fathoms, except where broken by a remarkably deep channel connecting the waters of the main Caribbean south of San Domingo with those north of Jamaica. This channel runs close to Hayti with a greatest depth of twelve hundred fathoms, and a general depth of one thousand fathoms. Its course is northerly along the western end of Hayti, where it

does not exceed a width of five or six miles; thence westerly, south of Navassa Island, with a tongue to the northward between Navassa and Foxmigas Bank, and another to the westward between Foxmigas Bank and Jamaica.

A line of soundings was run from San Iago de Cuba to the east end of Jamaica, where a depth of three thousand fathoms was found twenty-five miles south of Cuba. This deep place was found by subsequent soundings to be the eastern end of an immense deep valley extending from between Cuba and Jamaica, to the westward, south of the Cayman Islands, well up into the Bay of Honduras. The Cayman and the Misteriosa Bank were found to be summits of mountains belonging to a submarine extension (exceedingly steep on its southern slope) of the range running along the south-eastern side of Cuba. This deep valley is quite narrow at its eastern end, but widens between the western end of Jamaica and Cape Cruz, where the soundings were three thousand fathoms within fifteen miles of Cuba, and twenty-eight hundred fathoms within twenty-five miles of Jamaica. Near Grand Cayman the valley narrows again, but within twenty miles of this island a depth was found of 3,428 fathoms. The deep water was carried as far as a line between Misteriosa Bank and Swan Islands, with 3,010 fathoms within fifteen miles of the latter. On a line between Misteriosa Bank and Bonacca Island there was a general depth of twenty-seven hundred fathoms, and a depth of over two thousand fathoms extended well into the Gulf of Honduras. Between Misteriosa Bank and Chinchorro Bank the soundings were regular at twenty-five hundred fathoms. North of Misteriosa and Grand Cayman, to the Isle of Pines and Cape San Antonio, the soundings were generally twenty-five hundred fathoms. The serial temperatures agree, in relation to depth, with those obtained in the Gulf of Mexico, by Lieut. Commander Sigsbee, and in the eastern Caribbean by Commander Bartlett; decreasing from the surface to 39°·5 at seven hundred fathoms or less, and constant at that temperature for all depths below seven hundred fathoms. At greater depths than six or seven hundred fathoms the bottom was always found to be calcareous ooze composed of pteropod shells with small particles of coral. These pteropod shells, as noted in previous expeditions by different nations, appear to be an important factor in the determination of the movements of great bodies of

sea-water. The ridge at the "Windward Passage" is bare coral rock, and on the south side the pteropod shells were found to be much more numerous than to the northward of the ridge. Soundings and serial temperatures being the special objects of the course, dredgings were only incidentally attempted for the purpose of reconnoitring, as it were, the ground, and it was found that the area passed over was not nearly so rich in animal life as that in which dredgings were taken last year under the lee of the Windward Islands at the eastward of the Caribbean Sea.

The development of the extraordinary submarine valley in the western Caribbean Sea is a matter of great interest considered as a physical feature. This valley extends in length seven hundred statute miles from between Jamaica and Cuba nearly to the head of the Bay of Honduras, with an average breadth of eighty miles. Curving around between Misteriosa Bank and Yucatan, and running along between Cuba and the ridge of the Caymans for a distance of four hundred and thirty miles, with a breadth of a hundred and five miles, it covers an area of over *eighty-five thousand square miles*, having a depth nowhere less than two thousand fathoms, except at two or three points (the summits of submarine mountains), with a greatest depth, twenty miles south of the Grand Cayman, of 3,428 fathoms, thus making the low island of Grand Cayman, scarcely twenty feet above the sea, the summit of a mountain 20,568 feet above the bottom of the submarine valley beside it—an altitude exceeding that of any mountain on the North American continent, above the level of the sea, and giving an altitude to the highest summit of Blue Mountain in Jamaica, above the bottom of the same valley, of nearly twenty-nine thousand feet, an altitude as great, probably, as that of the loftiest summit of the Himalayas above the level of the sea.

For the deepest portion of this great submarine valley the superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey has adopted the name of "Bartlett Deep."

From The Saturday Review.
HAYMAKING.

The agriculturist who in the bitterness of his soul defined hay as a great deal of beer and labor superadded to grass, spoke words which must appeal to the sympathy

of many country gentlemen at this season of the year. There is something about the very name of hay which chills the heart of amateur farmers, for it is associated with discomfort, loss of temper, and loss of money; and few words have been oftener accompanied by those strong expletives for which the fine old English gentleman is so justly famous.

There have been wise men who have set their faces against making their own hay. Why, said they, should a man make his hay at home any more than his boots or his trousers? and they have even gone so far as to maintain that home-made hay is generally as bad as home-made law. So long as they kept their faith they found country life easy and agreeable; but now and then they have been known to waver from their admirable creed, and to taste the forbidden fruits of the hayfield. Their gardener or factotum has persuaded them that, after all, it would be a great economy to "take a crop" off a certain pasture or park; that it would yield so many tons of the finest upland hay, and would absolutely benefit the quality of the grass for the future. If the master objects that the risk of a wet harvest would be serious, the servant answers that, with ordinary care, it would be easy to "pick three or four fine days in July," when, by putting on all available hands, the whole thing might be knocked off without delay. The faithful servant does not wish to persuade his master to do anything he does not like, but when he sees a thing that "wants doing" he considers it his duty to speak. And so, in a weak moment, the master gives his consent, and some dozen acres of land are told off for hay. The troubles of the future hayfield may be said to begin in the autumn, or at any rate in the early winter. If it is suggested that it might be well to dig more manure into certain flower-beds, the factotum replies that he must economize that valuable compound as much as possible, lest it should run short for the hayfield. At the first hard frost, when all hands are wanted to sweep the pool for the skaters, a strong remonstrance is made because "the men are carting muck for the hayfield." In the spring it becomes necessary to buy more hay for the cows, because there is so little grass. Why is there so little grass? Because the cattle have been taken out of the field intended for hay, and consequently there is so much less available pasturage. Although a good deal of stable-yard manure has already been put on the precious enclosure destined for

hay, it is recommended that it should be "artificialled," as the cost of the bone and superphosphate will be treble repaid by the extra growth of grass which it will produce. Several sacks of this compound are purchased, and for some days after their contents have been thrown over the field a vile smell makes its neighborhood unendurable. If, as is often the case, the hayfield is situated beneath the drawing-room or dining-room windows, the full flavor of the patent artificial manure is duly appreciated. Many minor cares and troubles in connection with the hayfield soon present themselves. There are some weak places in the fence, and several men have been employed for many days in repairing them. "Missus's ducks" are making a path through a corner of the growing grass, and "no horses will eat it after ducks have been messing in it." Some arrangement has, therefore, to be made as to these ducks, and the lady says that she will willingly have her favorites killed if it will please her husband, but that so long as she keeps them, "they must go to the water, poor things!" Or it is suddenly remembered that the boys' cricket-ground is in the middle of the hayfield, and there is no other flat piece of grass-land about the place; but the only consolation offered to the lads is that it cannot be helped. The growth of the precious grass seems wonderfully slow. Want of rain at a critical period prevents it from making any apparent progress, and excess of moisture at another time makes it grow rank. Kind friends point out what a pity it is that the thistles were not cut at the proper time, as the large patches in some parts of the field will make the hay unpalatable to anything but a donkey.

On large properties a bailiff usually superintends the hay, but where there is no home farm, the paddocks are generally under the charge of the head gardener. As the hay season approaches, this functionary keeps replying to his master's inquiries by stating that the hay is not yet ready for cutting. A friend, however, calls and remarks that he has just carried his own hay "without a drop of rain," and inquires why his host has not also taken advantage of the unusually dry weather. The gardener is sent for and ordered to begin the hay at once. He urges further delay, observing that he has arranged with some mowers that they shall begin to cut it on that day week. After a great deal of unpleasant discussion, it is eventually settled that the important work is

to be begun "the day after to-morrow," if mowers can be procured. As these men have to be pressed into the service at short notice, they demand higher wages than the mowers with whom the previous arrangement had been made; but at last the crop is cut, and the haymakers are busily engaged in throwing the grass about to persuade it to become hay. Every hand about the place is sent into the hayfield. The gardeners, the men from the stables, and even the footmen are enlisted for the service. There is often a wrangle with the butler about the diversion of his forces from their legitimate duties. His objections are met with the argument that the hay season is an exceptional occurrence, and that, under the circumstances, he ought to endeavor to be obliging. He grudgingly consents because he would "do anything to please his employer"—butlers no longer have masters—but he mutters a great deal about "his place" and the difficulties of "washing up." It turns out that the mistress of the house has thoughtfully invited a large party of neighbors to luncheon, and has promised them that they shall afterwards play lawn-tennis, and have tea and strawberries in the hayfield—an arrangement obviously conducive to the furtherance of the hay harvest and the pacification of the butler. During the happy time of hay-making it is almost impossible to get a servant to do anything. The carriage cannot be taken out, because the grooms are in the hayfield. The garden looks wretched, because the gardeners cannot leave the hay to pluck a weed or to mow the turf. They have not even time to gather strawberries or vegetables sufficient for the house. The drawing-room and hall look miserable, because the gardener cannot spare a moment to attend to their decoration with flowers. The lawn-tennis ground is unusable, because the grass upon it is several inches long. The only amusement remaining is to tap the barometer and speculate on the probability of rain. At last the gardener says that the hay is ready for carrying. Unfortunately, the person most concerned in its after use is of the contrary opinion. Hay carried in such a state will never, says the stud-groom, be fit for hunters. The gardener "hopes he knows his business;" but the glass is still rising, and the master determines to give the hay one day more. Towards evening it becomes oppressively hot, and the rumbling of distant thunder warns the haymakers that

there is many a slip betwixt the haycock and the stack. In an hour or two a heavy storm bursts over the neighborhood, sheets of rain deluge the hayfield, and, when there is a slight cessation in the fury of the elements, the cocks are found to be beaten down and sodden. The gardener says, "I told you so;" but the groom lifts the upper half of a haycock, and shows that the lower part is still dry. The next morning the hay has to be re-made, and in the afternoon another storm recurs at about the same hour as that of the day before. Thunderstorms often follow each other for several consecutive days, and broken weather not unfrequently succeeds them. The hay is therefore constantly made and re-made, during each of which operations it loses some of its virtue. Now perhaps it is the groom who wishes it carried, and the gardener who wishes for delay. This sort of thing sometimes goes on for three weeks or even a month, the hay meanwhile losing its color and deteriorating in quality. Its owner is miserable. He can enjoy nothing, and he feels as if it would be wrong if he were able to enjoy anything. Is not his hay out, and what business has the man whose hay is out to be happy? The idea is rapidly developing itself in his mind that the produce of his hayfield will be fit for nothing but manure, and he is weary of the sight of his discolored hay-cocks.

We have perhaps said enough to prove that the owner of a hayfield does not live a life of ease and tranquillity during the harvest; but with his haymakers it is far otherwise. The wetter the weather the better for them. They must be retained at haymaking wages until the harvest is finished, be the weather wet or dry. Each time that the hay has to be re-made, the beer-barrel again begins to flow. What can be better for them than that a fine morning should induce the gardener to set them to work to turn over the hay, and that, while they are drinking their first edition of beer, a friendly shower should suspend harvest operations for an hour or two? Even when the long-wished-for carrying-day at length arrives, it is not all smooth for the master. It will be lucky if there is not a row between the butler and the gardener about the amount of beer required, between the gardener and the groom about the fitness of the hay for carrying, or between the master and some or all of these functionaries about some subject or other connected

with the all-absorbing hay. Worst of all, it sometimes happens that a valuable servant, who has been remarkable for his sobriety, gets drunk on these occasions. The crowning catastrophe is the harvest supper, after which it is likely enough that there will be a fight, a flirtation — with serious consequences — or an unseemly disturbance. Occasionally, but rarely, the crop is got in under favorable conditions, when the chances are that it

has been so light, or so sunburnt, that it was scarcely worth carrying; or perhaps it happens that hay is so cheap and plentiful that it is almost provoking that one does not want to buy. There are many worries in country life; but we know nothing which is so pre-eminent for producing loss of temper, general inconvenience to masters, and wrangles among servants, as the institution of haymaking.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR INDIA. — During the last ten years it has been my business to visit, almost every winter, the twelve provinces of India, and to superintend a survey of their population and resources. The Indian government has, so to speak, ordered me to conduct for it a great stock-taking after a century of British rule. I have often amused myself, during my solitary peregrinations, by imagining what a Hindoo of the last century would think of the present state of his country, if he could revisit the earth. I have supposed that his first surprise at the outward physical changes had subsided; that he had got accustomed to the fact that thousands of square miles of jungle, which in his time were inhabited only by wild beasts, have been turned into fertile croplands; that fever-smitten swamps have been covered with healthy, well-drained cities; that the mountain walls which shut off the interior of India from the seaports have been pierced by roads and scaled by railways; that the great rivers which formed the barriers between provinces, and desolated the country with their floods, have now been controlled to the uses of man, spanned by bridges, and tapped by canals. But what would strike him as more surprising than these outward changes is the security of the people. In provinces where every man, from the prince to the peasant, a hundred years ago went armed, he would look round in vain for a matchlock or a sword. He would find the multitudinous native States of India, which he remembered in jealous isolation, broken only by merciless wars, now trading quietly with each other, bound together by railways and roads, by the post and the telegraph. He would find, moreover, much that was new as well as much that was changed. He would see the country dotted with imposing edifices in a strange foreign architecture, of which he could not guess the uses. He would ask what wealthy prince had reared for himself that spacious palace. He would be answered that the building was no pleasure-house for the rich, but an hospital for the poor. He would inquire in honor of what new deity is this splendid shrine. He would be told that it was no new

temple to the gods, but a school for the people. Instead of bristling fortresses he would see courts of justice; in place of a Mahomedan general in charge of each district, he would find an English magistrate; instead of a swarming soldiery, he would discover a police.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE *Times* correspondent writes from Copenhagen that on June 24 died there Mr. Carl Petersen, whose name is connected with some of the most renowned Arctic explorations. He was a born Dane, but had lived many years in Greenland, and had there acquired a perfect knowledge of the Esquimaux language, being at the same time a most skilled hunter and fisherman. At the age of thirty-seven he was engaged by Capt. Penny as interpreter, and accompanied his expedition in the years 1850–51. Some years later he followed Dr. Kane on his unfortunate expedition, when the vessel had to be left in the ice and the crew were nearly starved and frozen to death. He had not been home more than a couple of weeks after returning from a two years' stay in Greenland, before he went out again as interpreter with the "Fox," Capt. Sir Leopold M'Clintock, with Mr. (now Sir) Allan Young as sailing master. Of this expedition, lasting from 1857 to 1859, and leading to the discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin, he has written a graphic description, supplying many details wanting in the well-known book of Sir L. M'Clintock, and inscribed with the words chosen by Jane Franklin for the flag of the "Fox," "Hold fast," happening to be quite as correct in Danish as in English. In 1861 he accompanied the Swedish naturalists Nordenskjöld and Torell on their first expedition to Spitzbergen, and when, in last April, the "Vega" passed Copenhagen, the hardy old sportsman and sailor, with his cross and Arctic medal, was one of the friendly faces greeting the discoverer of the North-East Passage. Mr. Petersen died from heart-disease at the age of sixty-seven.